The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOW READY.

'The Bookman' Illustrated History of English Literature,

1s. net. **PART VIII.** *1s. net.*

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In default of the authoritative biography which is likely to appear at an early date, perhaps the best critical *resumé* of Ibsen's life is the masterly introduction to that very interesting volume of his letters which was published last year under the title "The Correspondence of Henrik Ibsen." These letters, covering a period of fifty years, were selected by the son of the dramatist, and are unexcelled as the humorous and caustic commentary of a man of genius on half a century of European history and literature. Even to serious students of Ibsen these letters revealed an undreamed of versatility.

In the annals of literary courage the story of Ibsen's life will take high rank. He pursued his convictions with a marvellous tenacity, and, in spite of poverty and neglect, he lived to become a force in European literature. Ibsen never doubted himself. As early as 1866, he wrote the brave words, "I will and shall have a victory some day." But it was only when he was sixty years old that he had definite proof of the realisation of his ambition. Outside his own country Germany was the first to own his influence. "The selection of *Ghosts* for the opening performance of the *Freie Bühne* of Berlin, on the 22nd September, 1889, gave public expression to the feeling that Ibsen has been the literary leader of young Germany."

Unsuccessful authors have long been wont to console themselves with the history of "The Song of a Shirt" and of a few other famous instances of masterpieces going a-begging. To those behind the scenes of the publishing stage, this is naturally enough regarded as an amusing exhibition of the vanity of authors. For in these days of fierce competition a book with any possibilities of success is not lightly overlooked. But strange mistakes yet happen. Only recently a novel was rejected by more than a dozen publishers—including nearly all the leading lights of "the trade." When the book at last did appear, it was at once hailed by the press and the public as a notable accession to contemporary fiction, and only the other day it attained the distinction of a sixpenny reprint. But it would be rash for any one to infer that the fallibility of publishers is at all equal to the vanity of authors.

Photo Durrant & Son, Torquay. **Mr. John Galsworthy.**
Author of "The Man of Property."

Mr. John Murray, in conjunction with the University Press of Cambridge, Mass., is going in the autumn to bring out the first of a series of Renaissance reprints, the typography of which will be altogether exceptional. The fount of type is based upon that of the best caligraphy immediately preceding the introduction of printing into North Italy, and the workmanship is such as to produce the illusion that the work is actually handwritten by a scribe whose hand never grew weary. The paper is Milanese, the binding English, and the type is cast in Boston from Italian models. The first volume issued is to be a version of Petrarch.

Among the new volumes of the World's Classics is to be included "The Travels of Tobias Smollett in France and Italy," a work of much original interest, and unduly depreciated by Sterne and Walpole. The introduction, which will include several new discoveries about the text and subject-matter, will be by Mr. Thomas Seccombe.

"The King's English" will be read with mixed feelings by most of the writers of the day. The large majority will discover that they have unwittingly entered into a confessional. How many of us are guiltless of an occasional "worn-out phrase of humorous tendency," of a "*somewhat*, shyly announcing a well chosen phrase," or of an attempt at "polysyllabic humour"? But the general effect may be expected to be tonic.

We have little difficulty in recognising the initials of the authors of "The King's English," H. W. F. and F. G. F., as those of the clever translators of the four-volume "Lucian" which the Clarendon Press issued in 1905—Messrs. H. W. and F. G. Fowler. The first sentence of their preface reminds us of the American professor of rhetoric who remarked, "One of the first rules of composition is never to use a preposition to end a sentence *with*."

On all questions of etymology the authors evidently regard the Oxford Dictionary as infallible. That was not the opinion of the Bishop of Bristol at the Royal Literary Fund Banquet. Having tried his best to demolish its definition of literature as "the body of writings produced in a particular country or period," he fell back upon an inconsistency in a lexicon of much humbler pretensions in which the attic was described as "the top room in the house" and the cockloft as "the room above the attic."

Professor Maitland's two-volume "Life and Letters of Sir Leslie Stephen," in which he traces his career from the days in which he coached the eight at Trinity Hall to those in which he manœuvred the unwieldy team of writers upon the "Dictionary of National Biography," will probably be published in October of the present year.

The portrait of the veteran Dr. Furnivall as "the Doctor" in Mr. Whiteing's new novel, "Ring in the New," is successful in conveying much of the *bonhomie* of the original, and may be regarded as a biographical document of some value. The Doctor is represented in the act of superintending the rowing and disembarkation of the girls, mostly drawn from the large shops, in whose Sunday recreations and physical welfare he takes such a kindly interest. A similar work in training girls of this class to sing good part-songs and old ballads is carried on with extraordinary success by Mr. Herbert Macilwaine, the author of one of the best written novels of the last year or so, "Anthony Britten."

The April number of the *Library*, containing a large amount of interesting bibliographical Shakespeareana, is being reprinted. It well deserves the attention of Shakespeare students and collectors. The number of First Folios in existence may soon be expected to mount up to 200. The prices demanded at present must be regarded as inflated, but they will not be diminished by the reported loss of one if not two copies at San Francisco.

The new motor-car volume which Mrs. Aria is just publishing with Mr. Sidney Appleton possesses a novelty which might well be imitated by the publishers of toy-books for children. Within the pocket of its back cover is a most perfect and ingenious model of a motor-car, which can be unfolded, opened

Mrs. Alice Perrin.
The author of "Red Records."

out and examined in all its separate parts. The little "toy" is well made, and is accompanied by a full description of the car's details.

Mr. Walter de la Mare, who seems to have discarded the *nom de plume* Walter Ramal, by which we first knew him in his notable little volume, "Songs of Childhood," is publishing a new book of "Poems" through Mr. John Murray.

It is more than half a century since the publication of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," and forty years since the death of Professor Aytoun, one of the famous partners in that celebrated *jeu d'esprit*. This month we have the pleasure of reviewing the latest book and of reproducing the latest portrait of Aytoun's brilliant collaborator, Sir Theodore Martin. Born in 1816, Sir Theodore is our oldest literary veteran. His claims to literary distinction are manifold. He is the biographer of Prince Albert, and of his own consort, the brilliant Helen Faucit. He has translated from Horace, Dante, Catullus, Heine, Schiller, and Vergil. For nearly half a century Sir Theodore Martin has been connected with the firm of Leslie and Martin, Parliamentary agents. He has given many hostages to the fortune of literature, but it is likely that his surest monument is his share in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads."

Mr. George Morley, the author of "Shakespeare's Greenwood," etc., has written an interesting description of the Shakespeare Country as it was in the poet's day and now. The volume, which is being issued immediately by Mr. T. N. Foulis, will contain a number of three-colour illustrations by the rising Warwickshire artist, Mr. J. E. Duggins.

We understand that Mr. T. N. Foulis will join the ranks of London publishers next month. During the few years he has been in business in Edinburgh, Mr. Foulis has established a reputation for the production of reprints in a manner not unworthy of the traditions of the elder Foulis Press. Mr. Foulis is the son of the late partner in the well-known firm of Edinburgh librarians, Messrs. Douglas and Foulis, and received his training as a publisher in the house of Blackwood.

"The Enemy at Trafalgar" is the title of a book which should interest many besides students of naval history. The author, Mr. Edward Fraser, has already proved his skill as a learned and popular writer on naval history with his "Famous Fighters of the Fleet." His new book tells the story of Trafalgar from French and Spanish official documents, and from accounts left by officers who took part in the battle.

The portrait of Dr. Garnett forming our special plate supplement is reproduced by kind permission of the Proprietors of the International Library of Famous Literature.

To the same source we are indebted for other portraits of Dr. Garnett. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. and Messrs. Nisbet and Co. have kindly allowed us to reproduce several pictures from their illustrated editions of Lever's works. The illustrations from "Elizabeth Montagu" are reproduced by the kind permission of the publisher, Mr. John Murray.

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Mrs. Harold Gorst.**
Author of "The Light."

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Harold Spender.**
Author of "The Arena."

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

APRIL 20TH TO MAY 19TH, 1906.

Biographical works have again formed a very material factor in the total sales, and whilst several of the principal items have been those which had previously commanded a large share of public attention, other and more recent issues have appeared, also making good their claim to an equal favour from the general reader. Under the former category come "Home Life with Herbert Spencer," "George Buchanan," by D. Macmillan, "Lord Randolph Churchill," and the first volume of the cheaper edition of the "Life of Gladstone," by John Morley, "Antoinette Sterling and Others," "Charles Lever," "Monographs," by Sir Theodore Martin, and "A Queen of Queens."

The 6s. novel has alike been noticeable for quantity and quality, the new issues of the month having included volumes by Mrs. Humphry Ward, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Allen Raine, and H. A. Vachell, authors who readily command an extensive hold on the market. "The Angel of Pain," "The Flower of France," "The Jungle," "A Benedick in Arcady," "The Mystery of a Motor Car," and "The Sphinx's Lawyer," have also been constantly in request.

Many purchasers have also been found for a volume of Lord Curzon's "Speeches in India."

It is not often that a matter of political interest, even though it may have at the time caused considerable stir, outlives its immediate surroundings, but owing to the unique position held by Sir Robert Anderson, his recent volume of "Sidelights on the Home Rule Movement" bids fair to give rise to a revived interest, and although the book appeared somewhat late in the month, it has already attracted a goodly circle of purchasers.

It must needs be that the Education Question should give occasion for a considerable amount of literature pertinent thereto, and numerous brochures, all more or less professing an immediate solution, have been placed on the market. The sales in this class have, however, not been numerous, and the most prominent item has been "Religion in the Schools," by Canon Henson.

The various cheap pocket libraries have continued to be popular, notably the Everyman's Library. Amongst the more recent output has been Hutchinson's Popular Series, which is an old friend in a new dress, and Sisley's Panel Books.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Fenwick's Career. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
In Subjection. By Ellen T. Fowler. (Hutchinson.)
Queen of the Rushes. By Allen Raine. (Hutchinson.)
The Jungle. By Upton Sinclair. (Heinemann.)
The Flower of France. By J. H. McCarthy. (Hurst and Blackett.)
A Benedick in Arcady. By H. Sutcliffe. (J. Murray.)
Salted Almonds. By F. Anstey. (Smith, Elder.)
The Angel of Pain. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
If Youth but Knew. By A. and E. Castle. (Smith, Elder.)
The Face of Clay. By H. A. Vachell. (J. Murray.)
The Mystery of a Motor Car. By W. Le Queux. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Sphinx's Lawyer. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann.)

Sidelights on the Home Rule Movement. By Sir R. Anderson. 9s. net. (J. Murray.)
Speeches in India. By Lord Curzon. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)
Problems of the Old Testament. By J. Orr. 10s. net. (Nisbet.)
History of the Reformation. Vol. I. By T. M. Lindsay. 10s. 6d. (T. and T. Clark.)
George Buchanan. By D. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. (G. A. Morton.)
Men-at-Arms. By W. P. Drury. 3s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)
A Mask of Gold. By A. S. Swan. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Philosophy of the Upanishads. By P. Deussen. 10s. 6d. (T. and T. Clark.)
The Gospel in Action. By A. F. W. Ingram. 3s. 6d. (Gardner, Darton.)
Industrial Efficiency. By A. Shadwell. 2 vols. 26s. net. (Longmans.)
Lord Randolph Churchill. By W. S. Churchill. 36s. net. (Macmillan.)
Life of W. E. Gladstone. By John Morley. Vol. I. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)
From a College Window. By A. C. Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)
Wesley and his Century. By W. H. Fitchett. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)
Religion in the Schools. By Canon Henson. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
Home Life with Herbert Spencer. By Two. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
Monographs. By Sir T. Martin. 12s. net. (J. Murray.)
A Queen of Queens. By C. Hare. 10s. 6d. (Harper.)
Antoinette Sterling and Others. By M. S. MacKinlay. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)
Cheap popular libraries.
Sixpenny reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending:
April 28—Quiet.
May 5—Quiet in home trade, export brisk.
" 12—Country departments active.
" 19—Quiet in town. Country demand well sustained.

(2) SCOTLAND.

APRIL 20TH TO MAY 19TH, 1906.

Business during the past month has fallen somewhat short of our expectations, especially so with so much good new literature before us. The cause of this we fail to understand, as we are daily being informed that printers are busier, and also that bookbinders never were so busy. Does this point to over-production?

With the opening of the Royal Academy and the New Gallery, we have the usual demand for the illustrated guides. The most successful of these are "Pictures of 1906," from *Black and White* office, "Cassell's Academy Pictures," Blackburn's "Academy Notes," and the issue from the *Pall Mall* office; the last-mentioned is having a very large sale.

The six-shilling novel again bulks largely in our sales. The following are a few of the most popular this month:—O. Wister's "Lady Baltimore"; "Fenwick's Career," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; Benson's "The Angel of Pain"; "Ring in the New," by R. Whiteing; "Sons of the Milesians," by the Countess of Cromartie; "Mystery of a Motor Car," by W. Le Queux; "Mr. John Strood," by Percy White; "In Subjection," by E. T. Fowler. There has also been a continued demand for a few of the novels which were mentioned in our last month's list, such as "Face of Clay," "Salted Almonds," etc.

The first volume of Morley's "Life of Gladstone" has gone off well; it is considered great value. There has also been some inquiry for Archbishop Temple's "Memoir."

The competition among publishers of shilling reprints of the Classics is very keen. To the "World's Classics" have just been added volumes by Tolstoy, Borrow, Chaucer, Thoreau, and Brontë's "Tenant of Wildfell Hall"; also some other ten volumes are promised for immediate publication. In the "New Universal Library" are thirteen additional volumes, among which are the following outstanding works: "The Zincali," by George Borrow; Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles"; and Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii." These large additions have greatly revived the interest in each series. "The Everyman's Library" still moves off well, and it is worthy of note that the following volumes are among the best sellers: Boswell's "Johnson," Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," Froude's "Essays," Carlyle's "French Revolution," and Macaulay's "England"—all fairly solid literature.

"The "Complete Cricketer," by A. E. Knight, which is an exhaustive and mature treatise on the noble game, has been taken up well on subscription.

"On Golf," a little handbook by last year's open champion, James Braid, now included in "Spalding's Library," which we mentioned last month, has proved a magnificent success—the demand much exceeding the supply.

At the present moment there is quite a revival of interest in the works of the late Alex. Smith; three new editions have been put on the market of "Dreamthorp," while others have been reissued.

Guide books and all like material suitable for the season are now being freely ordered. Among other new issues, we have new editions of "Black's Scotland" and Baedeker's "Great Britain," and the "Rhine." The supplemental volume to "Bonnie Scotland," being "The Highlands and Islands of Scotland," is a beautiful book, and is sure to go well. For the man with the gun we are sending out new editions of Lyall's "Sportsman's Guide," with a guide to "The Shootings of Scotland," issued by Tennant, Ross and Wallace. For a trip to London, there is no handier guide than "London from the Top of a Bus," by A. St. John Adcock.

The following volumes have also been in demand:—"The Scottish School of Painting," by W. D. Mackay; Benson's "Life of Pater"; "Among the French Inns," by C. Gibson; "Sir Walter Raleigh," by M. A. S. Hume.

Among the magazines which have had extra sales are *Wide World Magazine* and the *Woman at Home*, both of which went out of print early in the month.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Lady Baltimore. By O. Wister. (Macmillan.)
Fenwick's Career. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
The Angel of Pain. By E. F. Benson (Heinemann.)
Ring in the New. By R. Whiteing. (Hutchinson.)
Sons of the Milesians. By Countess of Cromartie. (Nash.)
The Mystery of a Motor Car. By W. Le Queux. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Mr. John Strood. By Percy White. (Constable.)
In Subjection. By E. T. Fowler. (Hutchinson.)

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Archibald Marshall.**
Author of "Richard Baldock."

A Benedick in Arcady. By H. Sutcliffe. (Murray.)
The Sphinx's Lawyer. By F. Danby. (Heinemann.)
Salted Almonds. By F. Anstey. (Smith, Elder.)
The Face of Clay. By H. A. Vachell. (Murray.)

Miscellaneous.

Life of W. E. Gladstone. Vol. I. By John Morley. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)
Temple (Archbishop) Memoirs by Seven Friends. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Macmillan.)
The World's Classics. Various. 1s. net; leather, 1s. 6d. net. (Frowde.)
New Universal Library. Various. 1s. net. (Routledge.)
Everyman's Library. Various. 1s. net; leather, 2s. net. (Dent.)
The Complete Cricketer. By A. E. Knight. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
Dreamthorp. By Alex. Smith. Fine paper edition, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net. (Nimmo.)
A Summer in Skye. By Alex. Smith. Fine paper edition, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net. (Nimmo.)
Dreamthorp. By Alex. Smith. Introduction, etc., by J. Hogben. 2s. net; leather, 3s. net. (Melrose.)
Spalding's Athletic Library. Various. 6d. (Spalding.)
Guide Books.
London from the Top of a Bus. By A. St. John Adcock. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Highlands and Islands of Scotland. By A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Illust. in colour by W. Smith. 10s. net. (Black.)
The Print of his Shoe. By J. Goodfellow. 2s. 6d. net. (Oliphant.)
Scottish School of Painting. By W. D. Mackay. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)
Walter Pater, E.M.L. By A. C. Benson. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Academy Pictures.
Children's Heroes Series. 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net. (Jack.)
Among French Inns: the story of a pilgrimage to characteristic spots of rural France. By Charles Gibson. 6s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Sir Walter Raleigh. By Martin A. S. Hume. 2s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)
S. R. Crockett's Novels, in Clarke's Two-shilling Series.
The Scottish Abbeys and Scottish Martyrs. By J. Jamieson. 1s. net. (Mackay.)
Collins' Pocket Novels. 1s. net; leather, 2s. net. (Collins.)
Nelson's Sixpenny Classics. (Nelson.)
Gowans and Gray's Nature Books. (Gowans and Gray.)
Sixpenny Reprints.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

JUNE, 1906.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

From June 1 to July 1.

Mr. George Allen.

BATTERSBY, H. F. PREVOST.—India Under Royal Eyes. 165 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. 12s. 6d. net.
RUSKIN, JOHN.—Library Edition XXIV. Venice and Padua, Etc. With 60 Plates and Facsimiles. 25s. per Vol.
RUSKIN, JOHN.—Treasuries. Liberty and Government. 6d. net Cloth; 1s. net Leather.
RUSKIN, JOHN.—Crown of Wild Olive. Popular Edition. Cloth, 1s. net; Leather, 1s. 6d. net.

Messrs. A. and C. Black.

MENPES, MORTIMER.—The Thames. 20s. net.
NESBIT, FRANCES E.—Algeria and Tunis. 20s. net.
CALTHROP, DION CLAYTON.—English Costume, Middle Ages. 7s. 6d. net.
MENPES, MORTIMER.—Henry Irving. 2s. net.
HODGSON, W. EARL.—Salmon Fishing. 7s. 6d. net.
AFLALO, F. G.—Fishermen's Weather. 7s. 6d. net.
BROWNE, EDITH A.—Gothic Architecture. 3s. 6d. net.
NEUMANN, DR. ARNO.—Jesus. 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Greening and Co.

SIMPSON, LUCIE.—That Ambitious She. A Novel. 6s.
HALIDOM, C. H. Y.—The Woman in Black. A Novel. 6s.
CROSLAND, T. W. H.—The Country Life. A Novel. 1s. Paper; 2s. 6d. Cloth.
CHAMBERS, R. W.—The King and a Few Dukes. Reprint. 6d. Paper.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

GERARD, DOROTHEA.—The Pinch of Life. 6s.
JOHNSTON, SIR HARRY, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.—Liberia. £2 2s. net.
WILLIAMS, H. NOEL.—Five Fair Sisters. 16s. net.

POPULAR CLASSICS. CLOTH, 10D. NET; LEATHER, 1S. 6D. NET.

An Anthology of Humorous Verse.—Edited by Theodore A. Cook.
Keble's Christian Year.
CLOWES, SIR W. LAIRD.—Four Modern Naval Campaigns.
The Satires and Epistles of Horace.
DICKENS, CHARLES.—Christmas Books.

IN ONE VOLUME. POPULAR CLASSICS. 1CD. AND 1S. 6D.

Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
Addison and Steele's Sir Roger de Coverley.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

WITT, K.C., JOHN GEORGE.—Life in the Law. Reminiscences of the Bench, Bar, and Circuits. 6s. net.
BUMPUS, T. FRANCIS.—Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine and North Germany. 6s. net.
BULLOCK, SHAN F.—The Cubs. 6s.

Messrs. Methuen and Co.

BLOOM, J. HARVEY.—Seals. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.
SHAKESPEARE.—Troilus and Cressida. Edited by K. Deighton. Arden Edition. 2s. 6d. net.
ST. CYRES, VISCOUNT.—Fenelon. Illustrated. Oxford Biographies. 2s. 6d. net; 3s. 6d. net.
STALEY, EDGCUMBE.—The Guilds of Florence. Illustrated. 15s. net.
FEA, ALLAN.—Beauties of the Seventeenth Century. 12s. 6d. net.
WILLIAMSON, M. G.—Edinburgh. Illustrated by Herbert Railton. 4s. 6d. net.
LEWIS, MRS. GWYNN.—A Concise Handbook of Shrubs. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net.
LEVETT-YEATS, S.K.—The Traitor's Way. 6d.
SHAKESPEARE.—Antony and Cleopatra. Edited by R. H. Case. Arden Edition. 2s. 6d. net.
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Coming of the Randolphs. 6s.
JONSON, BEN.—Plays. Vol. I. Text Collated by H. C. Hart. Methuen's Standard Library. 6d. net; 1s. net.
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE.—Poems. Vol. I. Text Revised by C. D. Locock. Methuen's Standard Library. 6d. net; 1s. net.
Realms of Gold. A Day Book of Keats. Arranged by E. de Selincourt, M.A. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. G. A. Morton.

MORRISON, REV. JOHN D.D.—New Ideas in India During the Nineteenth Century. A Study of Social, Political, and Religious Developments. 7s. 6d. net, with Map.

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons.

BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—The Queen's Tragedy. A Historical Romance of the Middle of the Sixteenth Century, with Mary Tudor for its Central Figure. 6s.

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

MOORE, FREDERICK.—The Balkan Trail. With a Map and 48 Pages of Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.
BURMESTER, FRANCES G.—Clemency Shafto. 6s.

Mr. Elliot Stock.

GRUNDY, REV. C. H.—Luncheon Lectures in St. Paul's.
SHORE, T. W.—Origin of Anglo-Saxon Race. 9s. net.
WALLACE, HELEN.—Hasty Fruit. Second Edition. 6s.
THORNTON, REV. JOHN.—From the Font to the Altar.
JOHNSON, WALTER, AND WILLIAM WRIGHT.—Neolithic Man in Surrey. Cheap Edition. 3s. 6d. net.
ADAMS, DR. ISAAC.—Persia by a Persian. 7s. 6d.
SEWALL, DR. FRANK.—Reason in Belief; or, Faith for an Age of Science. 5s.
RICHARDSON, RALPH.—Cranmer, A Dramatic Poem.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

BALDWIN, PROF. MARK.—Thought and Things: or Genetic Logic. Vol. I., Functional Logic. 10s. 6d. net.
Editor of Public Schools Year Book.—The Girls' School Year Book, 1906. 2s. 6d. net.
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THE READER.

DR. RICHARD GARNETT: IN MEMORIAM.

I. By A. W. Pollard.

THREE names stand out prominently in the annals of librarianship in England during the nineteenth century. The first is that of Antonio Panizzi, the Italian refugee, who found the British Museum a second-rate library and left it well on its way to be the first in the world. He persuaded the Trustees to enforce the Copyright Act; he persuaded the Treasury to grant an adequate income, and to improve the position of his staff; he promulgated the famous 91 Rules for Cataloguing, and he designed the great circular Reading-Room and the iron bookstack surrounding it, which has since been copied in scores of libraries both in Europe and America. In a word, he possessed enough administrative genius to have ruled Italy, and he applied it to making the library of the British Museum what it is.

Unlike Panizzi in almost every respect, Henry Bradshaw, the librarian of the University of Cambridge, was no less great a genius, and his work, though when he died it may have seemed that he had accomplished very little, has proved no less enduring. He wrote scarcely anything. The greater part of his time was spent in helping forward the researches of other men. Yet every student of Chaucer, every student of liturgies, every student of bibliography and the history of printing, knows that the modern development of his subject took its rise from the hints which Bradshaw threw out and the enthusiasm which he kindled. If Panizzi is the type of the librarian as administrator, Bradshaw is no less certainly a type of the librarian as a scholar and antiquary.

Panizzi died in 1879, Bradshaw in 1886, and now in Richard Garnett death has taken a man no less remarkable, though utterly unlike them both. In one respect he was the most typical librarian of the three, for he was a librarian's son and was himself pitchforked hurriedly into a library when he was still only a lad, and gained the most vital part of his education from his library work. If he had gone to Oxford or Cambridge he might have ended his days as a Regius Professor of History, but he found his university amid the bookshelves of the British Museum, and from this unique early environment, acting on a temperament full of poetry, romance and humour, he takes his place, above any other Englishman, as typically and characteristically the librarian as man of letters. Many librarians have written books; some few men of letters have been librarians; but in Dr. Garnett there was no divided life. His literary instincts were helped and inspired by his surroundings, and in their turn made him a great librarian.

The system by which all the lads, and nowadays the girls also, of most literary promise, tend to find their way to the Universities, there to be passed through the University mill, though it has manifold advantages, can hardly be imagined to promote originality. It needs a more than usually adventurous spirit to strike off quickly from the beaten track before mental elasticity begins to diminish, or the needs of earning a livelihood throw difficulties in the way of new studies. Hence even in the Greek and Latin literatures, over which so much time is spent, the range of reading is pitiably small, and whole tracts remain hardly explored, while few Englishmen are well acquainted with the foreign literatures of modern Europe. Dr. Garnett's interest began to quicken where those of most English students dwindle. He possessed a competent knowledge of the recognised classical authors, and even made experiments in translating Homer. But he was as interested in Alexandria and Byzantium as he was in Athens, and the brilliant little paper by which he proved that the date of the events described in Sir Lewis Morris's "Gycia" should be carried back from the fourth century of our own era to the first before Christ is one of the most characteristic of his writings. His interest in Popes seems to have impressed many of his acquaintances, but the history of the Roman and Byzantine empires probably occupied his thoughts quite as much as that of the Papacy.

Photo Russell & Sons.

The late Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B.

The knowledge of foreign languages which a worker on the staff of a large library can hardly altogether escape was carried furthest in Dr. Garnett's case in regard to German and Italian. For many years he wrote on contemporary German literature in the *Saturday Review*,

while of his Italian studies he left a more permanent record in his excellent survey of Italian literature, written as one of the "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World," edited by his friend, Mr. Gosse. He was also familiar enough with Portuguese to translate some of the sonnets of Camoens, publishing them in the same volume with his versions from Dante and Petrarch. This was one of his latest poetical ventures (1896); his earlier ones had been mainly inspired by his love of Greek. Even in these excursions into verse the Museum atmosphere was favourable to him, for from the days of Cary, the translator of Dante, to those of Mr. Binyon, the British Museum has seldom lacked a poet; and in Coventry Patmore, and afterwards in O'Shaughnessy and Mr. Gosse, Dr. Garnett was in daily intercourse with fellow singers.

In his later days, not to his pleasure, the "encyclopædic knowledge" of Dr. Garnett passed into a proverb among frequenters of the Museum, and at least some of it may be traced to two tasks of his middle life, the large amount of work, often very miscellaneous in character, which he did for the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and his official duty of gaining a sufficient acquaintance with every book entering the Museum library to determine its proper place in the subject-classification of the shelves. The immense amount of casual information thus acquired helped to store a memory which was associative as well as retentive, so that even when he could not remember the bare fact as to which he was asked, the extent and quantity of the illustration he could bring into play were truly wonderful. Of the charm of his more imaginative writings every critic can speak; in his contributions to biography and history, the width of knowledge which he brought to bear on his subject seems to me equally remarkable with the skill with which he welded it into a whole. Almost any one of his prose chapters—though he once literally began an account of English literature in the time of Alfred with a reference to China and ended it with an allusion to Japan—is as neatly rounded as the sonnets in which he did much of his best work in verse.

If, as I believe, the debt which Dr. Garnett as a man of letters owed to his official work at the British Museum was very great, no obligation was ever more generously repaid. No jot or tittle of knowledge that Dr. Garnett acquired during the forty-eight years that he was the servant of the Trustees was acquired for himself alone. It was all held, without distinction of persons, at the disposal of the first enquirer. Moreover, the printing of the Museum catalogue, by which the value of the library to workers all over the world was at least doubled, was essentially his achievement, and perhaps in one sense the greatest of his life. From the day when the printing began he allowed nothing to interfere with its steady progress. He cared for the individual parts of the catalogue, the entries of the books of this or that author, but he cared still more for the catalogue as a whole, and for the possibility of extending to the furthest parts of the world the fame, and in some degree the usefulness, of the library to which he was so deeply attached. In other matters, in the purchase of books, for instance, he showed the same large outlook. He loved to buy books which would be interesting to dwellers in far-off places, that when these came to London they might find that the British Museum had something also for them. He thought constantly also of the readers of future days. Next to the personal kindness which must be the first quality by which all who knew him will ever remember him, this generous liberality of interests and aims seems to me the most striking feature in Dr. Garnett's personality, and it runs equally through both sections of his work. Many years ago he told me that when the Museum Reading Room came to be redecorated he hoped it would be inscribed with the fine text, "Multi pertransibunt et augebitur scientia." The many runners to and fro whom he had in his mind were students, not the librarians whose business it is to help them. But librarians also come and pass away, and of the many who have striven to do their duty at the British Museum, surely none ever did more for the increase of knowledge than Richard Garnett.

II. By Sir F. T. Marzials.

IT is generally held, I think, that a great librarian should be rather a custodian of books and living index to their contents, than a reader and critic. But Dr. Garnett was all these, and all with very great distinction; and he had, besides, a gift of human feeling, of fancy and imagination, which imparted light and warmth to his knowledge, and a charm to his literary judgments, lifting him, indeed, into a higher region than that of the mere scholar—a region of originality.

As a librarian he may almost be said to have been born and bred. He was but three years old in February, 1838, when his father gave up clerical duty to accept the appointment of Assistant Keeper in the Department of Printed Books in the British Museum. He entered the same department at the age of sixteen. He served therein, rising to the rank of Keeper, for close on fifty years, till 1899; and during all that time he did much more than routine work. He was one of those officials who improve, as well as carry on, and leave behind them definite administrative reforms to mark their passage—in his case the printed catalogue, the rearranged shelves, to say nothing of rare and important purchases. All the while, too, he was, with unwearied patience, storing the immense hive of his memory—learning not only the library, which would, in itself, have exhausted the capacity of most men, but also an immense selection of the contents of the books on the library shelves. Nor can any man have been more free in imparting his knowledge. Like Taine when at the *École Normale*, he was, in this respect, a princely giver. One remembers his den at the British Museum, thronged, overflowing, with catalogues, pamphlets, piles of papers, reports, books—and space, if I remember right, for only one work of art, a copy of the wax head by Raphael in the Museum at Lille. There he sat, ever ready, in the midst of his labours, to advise, sug-

gest, refer, to solve one's difficulties, or point towards their solution. How many there are whom he has thus helped! *Thus*, do I say? His help would freely go beyond that of the librarian, of the flesh-and-blood encyclopædia. His nature was most kindly and generous. Solicited or unsolicited, if he saw an opportunity of helping a brother writer by recommendation or introduction, or by direction of work into a promising channel, he was ever ready, he stinted no trouble. And what unnumbered proof-sheets must he have toilfully gone through for other people! *Experto crede*, I owe to him many an act of kindness. He was a man in every way lovable.

And that lovableness, that sweet reasonableness of nature, stood him in good stead as a biographer. It is now some nineteen years since he wrote, for the series of "Great Writers" which I was then editing, a life of Carlyle, and into the gloomy places which occur in the great dyspeptic philosopher's career, he shed a sympathetic light. The book is an excellent piece of work, the narrative pleasant and lucid, the criticism sound and illuminating, the style scholarly yet full of life—and pervading the whole there is an atmosphere altogether kindly and mellow. And the same qualities are to be found in his other biographies, of Emerson, of Milton, of Coleridge, of Blake, and, in a totally different sphere, of the Colonial statesman, Edward Gibbon Wakefield: they are to be found indeed in all his writing—in his history of Italian Literature, his history of English Literature to the time of Henry VIII., and (in collaboration with Mr. Gosse) to the time of Milton—in his many Introductions, Prefaces, articles, of which several are reproduced in the "Essays of an Ex-Librarian."

For work of this kind Dr. Garnett was excellently equipped: he possessed a vast scholarship, extending not only over English, but over foreign and ancient fields, an insight into life as well as letters, a fitting sense of proportion, and a judgment at once ripe and humane; and he knew how to write. But, after all, work of this critical kind is seldom creative, and in the world of letters Dr. Garnett claims a place as a poet and imaginative writer. So far back as 1858 he published anonymously "Primula, a Book of Lyrics"; and since then he has several times come forward, "with his singing robes about him," and in his hand two dramas, "Iphigenia in Delphi," "William Shakespeare, Pedagogue and Poacher," and many poems and translations. Do these attain to the supreme heights of poetry, soar with the lark even to the heaven's gate of song? They are at least much more than merely respectable verse. The "Iphigenia" has nothing, I think, to fear from juxtaposition with Matthew Arnold's "Merope"; and the translations (*e.g.*, that of Victor Hugo's "Canute") are excellent. The sonnet entitled "Age," in which he shows his attitude towards death, has already been quoted since he passed away. I should like to quote another sonnet, which carries one back to the days—*eheu fugaces!*—when he himself, and the late Arthur O'Shaughnessy, and my brother, Theo. Marzials, and Mr. Gosse made the British Museum tuneful:

I saw the youthful singers of my day,
To sound of lutes and lyres in morning hours,
Trampling with eager feet the teeming flowers,
Bound for Fame's temple, upon music's way:
A happy band, a folk of holiday;
But some lay down and slept among the bowers;
Some turned aside to fanes of alien Powers;
Some Death took by the hand and led away.
Now gathering twilight clouds the land with grey,
Yet, where last light is lit, last pilgrims go,
Outlined in gliding shade by dying glow,
And rain with weary fortitude essay
The last ascent. The end is hid, but they
Who follow on my step shall surely know.

Dr. Garnett's more critical admirers are inclined, as I gather, to base his chances of future fame on his prose "Twilight of the Gods." The book is original without question. There is in it learning, imagination, fancy and humour. The various stories, or apologues, take us to Prometheus' rock, to China, Arabia, Phrygia, India, Constantinople, the Rome of the mediæval Popes. Now and again the Devil appears and performs his accustomed antics, and we are reminded for a moment of Thomas Ingoldsby. Again we seem to get a suggestion, a foretaste, of those sketches in which M. Anatole France and M. Jules Lemaître throw an iridescent and fitful light from the present on to the past. For here, too, a modern irony plays lambent round the old beliefs—irony is the chief note of the book—and round the corresponding beliefs of to-day. Does it "argue an insensibility," to use Charles Lamb's words, that, with all this, the "Twilight of the Gods" leaves me, for the most part, a little cold—that I find myself, now and again, missing the point of the satire, and disagreeably affected by something freakish and out of measure?

But with regard to the "De Flagello Myrteo, Thoughts and Fancies on Love," I have no such misgivings. The tiny little book is a book of gems—of gems dug from the depths of a nature both manly and delicately constituted. "The surrender of woman is the touchstone of Man, parting the noble from the ignoble as with the spear of Uriel." "My love has said things which have made me feel as one who, wandering through a fair grove, suddenly comes upon heaven reflected in a clear water." "The earthly consummation of Love is either the passing-bell that precedes and announces his funeral, or the trumpet that calls him to immortality." Of kindred apothegms, soothsayings, proverbs, what you will, the little book is composed. It fittingly crowns the work of a very distinguished man of letters.

III. By F. M. Hueffer.

THERE are certain deaths that stir us almost beyond tears. To many of us, for all our conscious years the name "Garnett" has been almost synonymous with the idea associated in the mind of a child with the words "guardian-angel," and the absence from the world of this very enigmatic and very wonderful presence is almost like the loss of a province of our own minds. It is not as if one had lost a book of reference, but it is as if, in some cataclysm, a special and very pleasant sanctuary had gone out of the world.

And it is very much more than this. For it is not only that we have lost a man to whom we could go for information, nor is it only that we have lost a personality upon whom we could rely, nor yet is it only that we have lost a picturesque, original and endearing figure. Yet each of those three losses is irreparable. Indeed, it is very true that for all my conscious years the name of "Garnett" had the sense, for me, of being that of a special providence. My grandfather was a historic painter of no mean conscientiousness and no small archæological knowledge. When I was a boy I was much with him, and I do not know how many times, but it must have been very often, when he was wearied with the search for some detail of costume, of topography or of custom, he would say, "Oh, well, there's nothing for it but Garnett." So that, being sent to the Museum with some question about a Merovingian buckle, it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world that the smiling, learned, tall, stooping, myopic figure that seemed to come up out of very dim depths of thought to lend a patient, and in no degree condescending, attention to my vicarious question—that Dr. Garnett should say, "If you go into the Reading Room and turn on your right, on the fifth shelf from the door, the fourth row, you will find such-and-such a work, and on a page near the end of the tenth volume—I should say it was page 274—about the middle of the plate, there is the engraving of a buckle such as Mr. Brown requires." Being uttered with the head a little on one side, with a slightly oblique glance, and the unfailing smile, that seemed to be aroused by some perpetual inward joke no one ever fathomed, the words gave so much the impression of coming, as it were, from the top layer of the mind, of being so near the surface, and requiring so little rummaging in the storehouse of memory, that it seemed to me that this tremendous mnemonic feat was the most natural thing in the world. It was as if it were what one had the right to expect from that figure, monastically surrounded by books, hemmed in by books, with books fathoms beneath, and books for miles around, in an obscure light, in a dimned cell. It was no more to me than listening to the voice of the wisdom of all the ages—and one expected that voice to be wise. So for many years I was used to ask Dr. Garnett for all sorts of advice upon all sorts of matters for my grandfather, and insensibly I began to ask him questions for my own purposes :as to Dover elections in the eighteenth century; as to early methods of building canals and sea walls; as to the history of art in the late 'fifties; as to a thousand subjects. And always the answer was received, given with the same expression of face, without pause, and causing always the same impression of coming from the top of the layer. Gradually I found that I was only one of hundreds—that all over the world, civilised and uncivilised, people were "asking Dr. Garnett questions." But though I realised that this singular and admirable savant was the centre of something very large, I do not think I ever realised what a wonderful phenomenon this represented. I dare say I do not fully realise it now. I am almost ashamed to think that, at this moment, it seems to me little more than an admirable gift of memory; a perhaps unprecedented ability to correlate ideas, combined and rendered available for the rest of the world by an immense—a Herculean—amiability and readiness to be of service. It is characteristic of this last trait that he made it a principle never to refuse to work for any one that asked it—to any publisher or to any editor. Hence his vast body of prefaces, of fugitive articles, of work that, beautiful as so much of it is, much lesser men could have executed more profitably for the world. He made it a principle; and of his several singularities and pleasant relaxations into wrong-headednesses, it is the one alone that we need at all regret. Astrology, palmistry, the worship of cats—and how pleasant and amusing a thing it is to remember his enunciation of the word "Puŭssy," with a little inclination of the head, as if in truth a cat were a beautiful and great lady, to be treated with a courtly deference—these things were part of the fine and sardonic humour of his view of life. It was as though, tiring of contemplating the demonstrable follies of a world of *literati*, he took a delight in observing and following out systems that are only undemonstrably more irrational. But that a principle should have forced the author of the "Twilight of the Gods" to be at the beck and call of every trivial questioner like myself, or every trivial editor of a series like —— (but a hundred names will spring to the reader's mind)—this was a very lamentable thing. That an erudite librarian should have gone out of the world is, in comparison, a little matter. The joy, the credit and the glory of learning are so much in the attaining, in the striving for it, that the closing of a short cut is hardly regrettable. But that the author of the "Twilight of the Gods" should be gone, and that he should have left us no more than that one volume—that is indeed a thing to make us shed tears.

For, indeed, there is nothing quite like that book in the English language. Even the works of M. Anatole France are not a parallel to it—they have not its particular uses for us as a nation. We cannot, I mean, do much with M. France; his lessons are for us, after all, too much in the air. But the "Twilight of the Gods" has much of the French master's qualities of learning, of analytic humour, along with a tender amiability that is robustly optimist in comparison with the destructive tenderness with which M. France destroys the world under our eyes. I cannot give more space to the consideration of this unique work—indeed, I am asked to write of Dr. Garnett and not of his writings, so that I may conclude by saying that Dr. Garnett's personality was always to me much of an enigma. It was, I mean, an almost insoluble riddle that a personality so fine, so sardonic, so perceptive, should have given itself to the life of routine work that he led—that he should have allowed himself to be made a beast of burden for the catalogues, the congresses, the questioners, and the editors of reviews. He must, I mean, have perceived his own singular gifts—and perhaps his unfailing smile that one could never really interpret for oneself, its inward gleam, its aloof humour, was his recognition of a huge inward joke—*the* joke of his long and laborious life. In one of his

Dr. Garnett in his Study.

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stories in the "Twilight of the Gods" a dying philosopher bestows the elixir of life upon an ape. It was the same sort of humour, perhaps, in Dr. Garnett that led him to suffer his fellow-men to employ his priceless gifts upon so many transitory tasks that must needs be perishable. "I might," his smile seemed to say, "have enlightened a whole age. My age clamours to me to dig tunnels." It was like using the philosopher's stone to fill a chink in a schoolhouse wall. That, perhaps, was this singular, enigmatic and beloved man's life-long joke; but it is a grave joke that we may shed tears over.

IV. By Beatrice Harraden.

IT is a significant tribute to Dr. Garnett's sweetness of character that amidst all the comments on his erudition, his gifts, his attainments, his wit, his memory and his extraordinary power of work, no one has failed to write of his kindness. And this is as it should be; for kindness was as integral a part of his nature as scholarship. We, who had known and loved him for years, knew this well; but strangers in foreign lands knew it also; and I have myself heard from French and German, Dutch and Norwegian, Swedish and Danish, Italian, American, Japanese, and even Madagascan lips the same sentence: "Dr. Garnett at the British Museum was so kind to me. I can never forget him."

It is characteristic of his whole life that almost up to the last hours of his consciousness he should have been dictating answers to letters from people who had never seen him perhaps, but who had turned to him for help and information, advice and sympathy. They were only doing what many of us had been doing for years, making demands on him to which he never failed to respond. I personally have been doing this for more than twenty years, and only begin to realise it now that he is no longer in our midst to aid us with his sympathy, exhort us in our hours of slackness, and be the recipient of our hopes and fears, and all our plans and plottings. I went to him in every kind of difficulty. If I wanted books in some isolated corner of the country, I wrote to him and received a goodly packet at once. On one occasion, when I was ill, he corrected all the proofs of my new novel, and I never dreamed of publishing a story, long or short, without sending it first to Dr. Garnett or telling him about it. The very last time I saw him he wished to know the leading idea of the new novel which I had just begun, and I was to arrange to read the first chapters to him.

I had recently come back from Italy, and I was again struck, as everyone was, by his extraordinary knowledge of the places and countries to which he had never been. He was not a traveller. I think he had not been out of England more than two or three times, but nevertheless his intimate acquaintance with the details of even obscure foreign towns was really astounding. It was not only because his reading was limitless and his memory faultless. He had the "inner vision," and belonged, I feel sure, to that rare band of spirits en-

dowed with mystic insight. It is to be hoped that when his life comes to be written, some one who was familiar with that part of his many-sided nature will tell us more about it.

Meantime we have certain facts which testify to the immense range of his mind, a range which, however, could only be properly realised if all the letters he wrote to people on their own subjects could be collected, and all the books in which authors recorded their debt to him could be gathered together and indexed. For if he saw in the papers that some one was writing a book on such and such a subject, he would instinctively remember some valuable scrap of knowledge which he had come across by chance, and which he feared might be overlooked. There was nothing whatever personal in this. *The book* had to be considered, and every possible avenue was to be opened to the author. He would not have rested unless he had offered that bit of information either for acceptance or rejection; just as in his official life it was his natural impulse to use every opportunity of ministering to the needs of those who came to work at the British Museum, and of devising every means of lessening their labour and saving their time and strength. A notable instance of this was his adaptation of the sliding press idea, which he saw at work in some small library—an instance all the more remarkable in a man who had no leanings to mechanics of any kind. But here again his ready brain recognised a need, and adjusted itself to the successful fulfilment of that need. In another direction also, his conception and carrying out of the printed catalogue, involving enormous labour spreading over long years, but toiled at every day, was a priceless offering to the countless workers and scholars and researchers who would be benefited by it. The thought of the labour to be saved to them kept him to the task—not the honour of being the editor of the catalogue.

It has been truly said of him that he was an ideal public servant. As Keeper of the Printed Books his aim was not merely to accumulate treasures for the Museum, but to facilitate to the public the rightful use and enjoyment of those treasures; and indeed so great was his sense of duty towards those whom he was appointed to serve, that for many years, both at his home in Regent's Park and at his house in the Museum, he sat up till two or three in the morning, finishing official work, so that during official hours he might not be obliged to refuse to see any one who wanted his help and attention. And every one had the same courteous consideration: if there was extra courtesy shown, it was shown to the forlorn-looking: to those not blessed with this world's goods, or this world's success; and in Dr. Garnett's presence no one was allowed to show even the suggestion of a slight to the sorriest conditioned specimens of reading humanity. His own sensitiveness must often have suffered in his dealings with them; but he gave no sign except that of added kindness. At this moment my mind's eye can see him crossing the quadrangle in company with some strange old reader whose appearance might have attracted critical comment from casual visitors to the Museum. It was easy enough to guess that the Keeper of the Printed Books was giving himself up to a few minutes' friendly talk with this member of his flock, hoping to heal a wound, if by chance there was a wound.

So he watched and thought for all. But no sense of public duty, however impelling, could have made him all he was for others without his own sweetness of character. His chivalry and his generosity of mind were his own jewels of birthright with which he beautified his whole private and official life, and the influence of which will always be felt in the British Museum, where he and his father before him worked so faithfully for so many years. He has passed away, but the value of his life as scholar, critic, poet, and librarian will remain as an abiding force, and his memory as a true and unselfish friend be lovingly cherished, together with that of his dear wife, now dead some three years.

V. By Agnes A. Adams.

WE never thought of him as the great librarian: we knew he was scholar, critic, essayist, poet, but first we knew he was our friend. There never was a more charming friend, never a more friendly neighbour. He seemed to be always at leisure: he was always willing to give help, always ours to command. The word that the old French chronicler employed to describe the English Nation was singularly applicable to him: he was *abordable*. To know Dr. Garnett was an honour; to live near him a pleasure.

He had the rare gift of tact. One winter day he came to call. Presently a friend came in with her daughter, a lively, pretty girl. At tea-time a rugged young Scots philosopher appeared, wet and muddy. The combination of the famous Bookman and the vivacious Englishwomen overwhelmed the Scotsman, and he made no effort to help with cups and cake, but sat shy and miserable. The old courtier rose, and talking genially the while waited on us all. Then he sat down beside the nervous man and asked him particulars about life at a Scottish University; gradually the philosopher lost his shyness, found that his audience was sympathetic, and talked well. When more tea and toast were needed, he jumped to his feet and helped cautiously. I like to remember that he opened the gate for the dear Bookman, and stood bareheaded in the rain watching the bent figure move slowly homewards. To see him in his library finding a quotation was interesting. He moved towards the shelf with his arm outstretched; his hand dropped unerringly on the volume, he opened the book almost at the wished-for page, the passage was read aloud, and the work replaced in an incredibly short time. It reminded me of a clever accountant adding pounds, shillings, and pence almost simultaneously, and writing down the total before the ordinary person had finished with the coppers. He had wonderful hands. He was six feet in height, and broad, but his hands were like the well-kept hands of a woman. They were long and slim and elegant, with tapering fingers; they seemed made to hold nothing heavier than a book. In the portrait presented to him in 1899, the Hon. John Collier has caught just what his friends loved to linger

on in his face, the kindly smile, the benign look, the self-luminous eyes. It was characteristic of him that he enjoyed the sittings: he did not know the meaning of the word self-conscious. One of his first questions to a new acquaintance was sure to be, "Are you fond of cats?" The hardest thing he ever said to me of anyone was "A charming lady, a distinguished person, of much literary merit, but"—shaking his fine head solemnly—"she has one great defect: she doesn't like cats."

One night he dined with us, and early next morning he came to see me. "I have come to ask if you can verify a statement you made last night," he began. I was taken aback; I had made many statements. "You mentioned in conversation with your neighbour that Browning had written a French Grammar," he went on; "may I venture to ask your authority?" I was embarrassed and uncertain. I felt I had no authority; that if Browning had written a French book, Dr. Garnett would have known of it. Dare I father the work on the great O.B.? I vowed mentally that in future I would confine my assertions to the multiplication table. Still, in the back of my mind was the vague impression that Browning (Robert) had written a French book, and that I had often wondered how the great poet would set forth certain rules so as to make them understandable. I told him I had read the fact somewhere. "In Browning's life?" I did not know. "In his letters?" I was not sure. "In Mr. Chesterton's?" No, it was not there: if Mr. Chesterton had allowed his wit to play round a Browning grammar one would remember. I offered to look for the fact if he would lend me his Browning books. He lent me more: he lent me his name in case I wanted any special works at the Museum. Three days later I went to see him—"You will find the passage in the letters, Vol. I., page 208." By the time I had finished the words the book was open, and he was reading: "Thus, in more than one of the reviews and newspapers that laughed my 'Paracelsus' to scorn ten years ago—in the same column often of these reviews—would follow a most laudatory notice of an elementary French book, on a new plan, which I 'did' for my old French master and he published—'*that* was really a useful work.'" And so the incredible had happened. I had chanced upon a trifle in literature that had escaped his eye.

He made a charming host, and on the last day of the month his drawing-room was invariably full of visitors. His friends did not call on him for twenty minutes; they came early, and left when they had to. In making an introduction he had a delightful plan of mentioning what the new acquaintances were interested in, thus saving people the dreary preliminaries of conversation. His day used to be an institution: now it is a memory. Lately he told me his favourite quotation was from Emerson's "Rhodora":—

"Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose,
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there, brought you"

Every night of his life he went to the pillar-box at the top of his street. He had an enormous correspondence, and insisted on posting his own letters. His friends who lived near used to say they knew it was ten minutes to twelve when a slow, hesitating step passed their windows. Latterly he leaned heavily on his stick—the stick that used to be Ford Madox Brown's.

It was characteristic of him that his Easter gifts were ready for a few of his friends before his illness. It was characteristic of others that on Easter Sunday his friends received the gifts.

VI. By Alice Zimmern.

VARIOUS as are the activities enumerated in "Who's Who?" under the heading "R. Garnett, C.B., LL.D.," those of us who knew him well, if asked what we considered his most marked characteristic, would, I think, answer that it was his capacity for friendship. Looking back over many years of happy intercourse, he stands out before all as the friend who never failed us. No matter what we wanted of him, help or guidance in literary work, information on the most varied topics, personal sympathy, whether in joy or sorrow, we never sought it in vain. In a large and intimate circle of friends it was a matter of course, in the case of any disputed point, to say, "Let us ask Dr. Garnett." We knew that he not only had the knowledge, but that he would take the trouble to write the letter in reply, and even refer to the best books of reference, if need be, though his wonderful memory seldom rendered this necessary. To turn to him in a difficulty seemed so much a matter of course that I am afraid at times we almost forgot to thank him. That Dr. Garnett should lend us a helpful hand seemed almost a part of the settled order of things; and many of us can hardly realise how our little world is to go on without him. "He represented something in one's life that nobody else could," writes one intimate friend, and this is the burden of all the letters. There was no one else the least like him, and for us, at any rate, there never can be.

Dr. Garnett was a man of few hobbies in the ordinary sense of the word, and it was only when strongly urged by the Editor of "Who's Who?" that he put down under the head of "Recreations: Change of occupation, *dolce far niente*." I doubt whether this latter was strictly accurate. His leisure went not to idleness, but to his friends. He always remembered their At Home days, and put in an appearance whenever his many occupations permitted. And he was the most delightful of guests. He would chat to every one, always finding the appropriate topic, or else he would entertain the whole company with quaint anecdotes drawn from the stores of his unique memory, and told with such gusto that we all shared his infectious enjoyment. The cat of the establishment always came in for a share of attention. He insisted that the condition of the cat was an index to the management of the household, and liked to see a sleek, well-fed pussy stretched out on the hearth. He never extended his sympathies to dogs, but stoutly took the feline side in that long-standing race feud. "I have no doubt you are the idol of your family," he remarked to a dog that happened

to be calling at a friend's house, "but I should like to feel sure that you are polite to the pussy-cats." He used to write cat-poetry for the benefit of his young friends, and took the deepest interest in a cat magazine edited by one of them.

At the Museum, as Superintendent of the Reading Room, Assistant Keeper, and afterwards Keeper of the Printed Books, he belonged in a sense to the public, and he interpreted his obligations in the most liberal sense. Stories of his kindness and his feats of memory have been told over and over again. They were at the disposal of all students, but most of all of his friends. For them a day's work in the Reading Room meant a lunch and a chat with Dr. Garnett, when he would enter into all the details of his companion's work, and almost always suggest some hitherto untried source of information, himself looking up the book in question in the catalogue, to ensure quick delivery. A friend was once writing an article on the prosaic subject of Domestic Service. Dr. Garnett came forward with a suggestion. "Do you know that amusing book, 'The Greatest Plague in Life'? It was published, I think, in 1847. There are some most amusing pictures in it, one especially of a cook who sits reading penny novelettes while the joint is burnt to a cinder, and the tom-cat smashes a pile of crockery with a big hammer. How often I laughed at that picture as a boy!" The book was sent for, and there it was "all pat," as he described it, and he laughed again as heartily as of old at the sight of "the cat as did it." The Museum seemed to us a dull place when Dr. Garnett left it, a vast collection of books, with the life gone out of it.

For him the freedom from official routine meant greater leisure for literary work, and he used often to speak of poetry, his first love, and the hope that his life in retirement would give him the chance of wooing her once more. In 1893 he had collected in one volume a number of poems, new and old, gathered from the products of nearly forty years. Speaking of this collection, Mr. John Lane remarked to me: "I am said to be the publisher of the young poets, and though I have just published a volume for Dr. Garnett, I do not consider him an exception, for in all but years he belongs to the new generation." When this was repeated to Dr. Garnett, he remarked with a smile: "I confess I am not displeased."

He had a subtle gift of language and a keen delight in the appropriate word that give a charm to his translations of Theocritus and Homer, and to his own ventures on much-trodden classic fields in "Iphigenia at Delphi" and "Io in Egypt." Especially felicitous are his renderings from the Greek Anthology, and that quaint, slightly cynical humour which distinguishes "The Twilight of the Gods" and his curious play, "William Shakespeare, Pedagogue and Poacher," drew him by natural affinity to the epigrammatists. He was as faithful in his literary loves as in his friendships.

To the end he kept his mental powers and his kindly thought for others. Four days before he died he received a letter from a lady who did not know of his illness, asking the value of a volume in her possession. Ill as he was, he arranged to have the letter forwarded to the Museum, that she might have her answer. In the letters he dictated during those last days he made light of his "indisposition," and passed on, as was his wont, the news of one friend to another with kindly comment. Always kind and thoughtful for others, he seemed more than ever anxious to speak only words of gratitude and affection. Thus alone did he show that he knew he was speaking to his friends for the last time. His own Epitaph in the collected Poems expresses his attitude towards life and death:—

"Death's due demanded and Life's task achieved,
I greet the home I sought not, nor did shun:
Thankful for the great good I have received,
More thankful for the little I have done."

THE "BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1906.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in the June number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the best description of a storm on land or sea to be found in any English poem or novel.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the six best examples of the description of a picture in poetry or fiction.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by "A. J.," Golf View, Giffnock, N.B.

ALFRED AUSTIN, Poet Laureate.
"I would the Gods had made thee poetical."—
As You Like It, III., 3, 12.

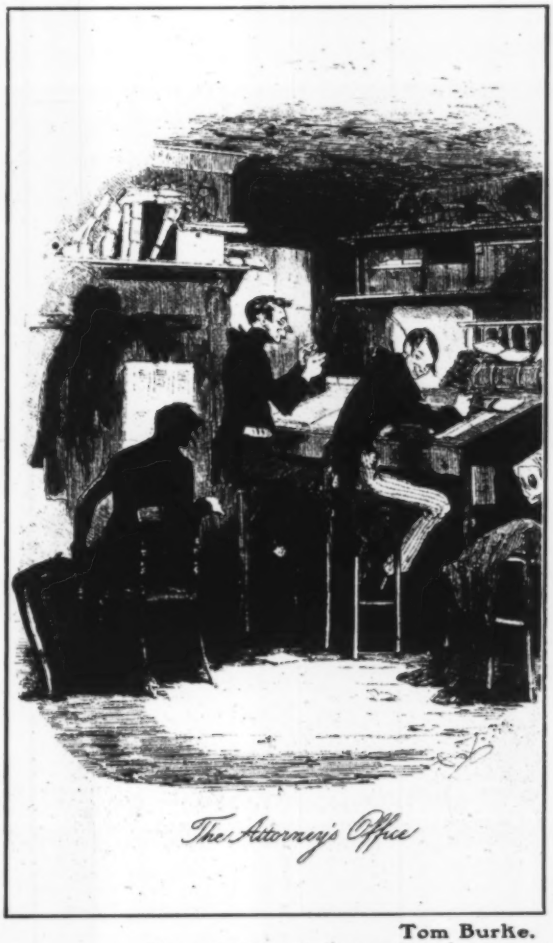
The answers to this competition this month were unsatisfactory, showing more industry than humour. We would remind competitors that the occurrence of an

Harry Lorrequer.

"I felt myself lifted by several strong men."

Charles O'Malley.

"With a spring like a rocket he cleared the wall."



Tom Burke.

"I started at the sound of my name."

Jack Hinton.

"Bob was carrying away the ladder upon his shoulders."

(Reproduced from the drawings by H. K. Browne in the Uniform Edition of Charles Lever's Novels, by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

author's surname in a Shakespearian line is not a sufficient justification for its quotation. And if a novel be entitled "The Weight of the Crown," it is a criminal waste of money for any reader to post to us the not unfamiliar line, "Uneasy lies the head." We particularly desire to emphasise the last sentence in the regulations applying to this competition. As an American reviewer said recently of a dull novel, "we crave for snap and ginger."

II.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month offered for the best list (awarded by vote) of the twelve English books, published during the last half century, which have had the greatest influence on our national life, literature and art, has been gained by Mr. J. F. HORRABIN, 6, Caxton Road, Broomhill, Sheffield.

1. Darwin's "Origin of Species."
2. Spencer's "First Principles."
3. Mill's "Liberty."
4. Ruskin's "Unto This Last."
5. Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy."
6. Newman's "Apologia."
7. Seeley's "Ecce Homo."
8. "Essays and Reviews." (1860).
9. Macaulay's "Essays."
10. Smiles' "Self-Help."
11. FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyam."
12. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads."

III.—THE PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA offered for the best list answering the question, which county in Great Britain and Ireland has produced the greatest number of men and women eminent in literature, has been gained by Mr. JAMES MAIR, Library House, Bo'ness, N.B.

Owing to pressure on our space we cannot print any of the answers to this competition, which, with scarcely an exception, consisted of lists of at least a hundred names of eminent sons and daughters of Middlesex. Many competitors availed themselves of the liberty afforded by the present-day municipal definition of the area of London, and pillaged Surrey, Kent, and Essex. Excellent lists were submitted by Mr. JOHN MURRAY, 280, Holburn Street, Aberdeen; Miss GLADYS ROBSON, 130, Croxted Road, West Dulwich; Miss MACADAM, 44, South Street, St. Andrews; Major BUTTERWORTH, 170, Courtfield Gardens, Carlisle; Miss E. ANDERSON, Aldersyde, Middleboro' Road, Coventry; Miss B. O. ANDERSON, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.

IV.—THE PRIZE of a YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestions has been gained by Miss GLADYS ROBSON, 130, Croxted Road, West Dulwich, S.E., and Mr. ARTHUR MCCLEESH, R.H.M. School, Phœnix Park, Dublin.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"Such is the feeling which a man of liberal education naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages. The debt which he owes to them is incalculable. They have guided him to truth. They have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. They have stood by him in all vicissitudes, comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. . . . That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change."—MACAULAY.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TURNING over the leaves a short time ago of the catalogue of a circulating-library, we observed that the name of Swift appeared but once. It occurred in the section entitled Juvenile Books, under the sub-section, "Travels," and the entry ran: "Travels, L. Gulliver's. By J. Swift." This reminded us of the historic catalogue which bracketted together "On Liberty" and "On the Floss," by Mill. But it reminded us also of the strange irony of fate which has decreed that one of the greatest masters of English prose, and the very greatest master of irony in the language, should be remembered best as the author of a so-called book for boys. The proverbial danger of using irony and allegory is that they will be taken literally. The classical example is Defoe's pamphlet, for which his friends condemned him to the pillory. Swift enjoyed a happier fate. In his case the misunderstanding resulted only in an undreamed of immortality. Than "Gulliver's Travels" there was never written a fiercer libel against humanity. Yet half of the book is a nursery classic. The paradox is easily enough explained, and the explanation reveals Swift's greatness as a writer. In most allegories we can discern the double threads—the literal and the metaphorical. Its youngest reader has his love of "The Pilgrim's Progress" a little dashed by the suspicion that there is an underlying moral. He suspects a purpose in the very names of Christian and Mercy and Mr. Greatheart, and his suspicion is re-enforced by the illustrators who have seldom lost a chance of defeating the purpose of Bunyan's allegory. In weaker hands the allegory never deceives. No schoolboy ever had any doubts that Addison's "Vision of Mirza" was a sermon in disguise. We have all bolted it with avidity, but we knew we had taken a pill. But we question if any boy or girl had ever this misgiving in reading of Lilliput and Brobdingnag. It is the most perfect allegory in the language, as is proved by the fact that, taken literally, it is a fairy tale; understood fully, it is one of the saddest books ever written, a brilliant monument of misanthropy, of all documents the most inhuman. It is necessary to say that all this is true only of the "Gulliver" which the schoolboy knows. Publishers who reprint "Gulliver's Travels" usually give only the half. They omit the voyages to the Laputans and the Houyhnhnms. Even Swift's genius failed him in the end. In the latter half of his book only there is no mistaking his meaning. The button is off the foil, and the author takes a ghoulish pleasure in lacerating our self-respect. It is one of the curiosities of our literature that the book which begins (and endures) as a nursery classic should end as the most open and avowed indictment of humanity.

The life of Swift reveals many paradoxes, some of which have never been satisfactorily solved. Thus we find a well-guarded reticence side by side with an almost savage delight in baring his own mind and heart. With a general misanthropy we find a positive genius for friendship. In Swift charity coexisted with contempt. Immersed in public business, he found time to invent a "little language" of love, and he broke two women's hearts. He despised the Irish, while his advocacy of their claims by his pen made him a national hero. In fact there is scarcely a single trait in that wonderful character that is not balanced by its direct opposite. It would have indeed been wonderful if this psychological puzzle had not produced a chaos of biographical laudation and abuse. Johnson, Macaulay, and Thackeray disliked Swift, and their admiration for his genius is so qualified by the personal dislike that it has not unfrequently been overlooked. Some modern critics, in the reaction against the sentimental school of criticism, have written as if Swift's genius were a discovery of to-day, and have tried to persuade us that every virtue was concealed behind the mask of "Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, and Gulliver." But the facts do not square with this charitable theory. The enigma of Swift's life will probably never be completely solved. It was a tragedy of balked ambition and over-

weening intellectual pride. And the tragedy has a pathological side, regarding which surmise will long be busy, but can never attain to certitude on account of the paucity of facts.

Swift's was the greatest intellect of his time, and much of the unhappiness of his life was due to his excessive consciousness of the fact. Poverty made him the client of his intellectual inferiors, and the experience permanently soured his happiness. It is true enough, as a critic has recently remarked, that Swift's position in the house of Sir William Temple imposed no badge of servitude. But this is only a half truth. Swift could not accept the literary conditions of his time with the equanimity of a Gay or a Prior. Dependence, however well concealed or sanctioned by convention, was hateful to him, and by the time he achieved a measure of liberty and success, he had acquired a "fixed idea" of the general unfitness of things. Of the hardships of the literary life as known to Johnson, Goldsmith and Smollett, Swift had no experience. It is possible to think that his life would have been happier had he followed literature as a vocation. Had he enlisted in the line, his splendid talents and versatility would have brought him honours which were denied to him as a *franc-tireur*. But Swift, with his eyes open, chose the Church as his profession, and was embittered by his tardy preferment. His stoutest apologists, his keenest literary admirers, have hesitated to assert that Swift's writings established any claim to episcopal honours. In every age the chief attraction of the literary life is its apparent liberty. Every profession is more or less of a cage in which we spend our lives. It was one of the chief causes of the sadness of Swift's life that he chose the wrong cage. He spent his strength in beating against its bars, and release came to him only with insanity and death. "An immense genius: an awful downfall and ruin. So great a man he seems to me, that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling. We have other great names to mention—none, I think, however, so great or so gloomy."

Photo Chancellor, Dublin. **Charles Lever.**

(Reproduced from "Charles Lever: His Life in his Letters," by kind permission of Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons.)

Swift, it has been well said, "stood alone in the rare combination of subtle wit with demoniac perseverance." It redounds to the credit of Boswell as a critic that he remarks, "I wondered to hear him [Johnson] say of 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'When once you have thought of big men and little men, it is very easy to do all the rest.'" The only palliation for this amazing judgment is that Johnson did not write it: he growled it at Boswell; which is quite a different matter. But there is too good reason to suspect that it was Johnson's real opinion, and Swift's critics have not been slow to retaliate with some pretty wit on the shortcomings of "Rasselas." Neither Johnson nor any other writer except Swift himself found it "easy to do all the rest." "The Tale of a Tub" and "Gulliver's Travels" have been called sustained similitudes, and it is the very essence of Swift's genius that he could indefinitely sustain his apologue. By a wealth of apparently irrelevant details Defoe achieved his incomparable realism. Swift's realism is equally wonderful, and the intellectual feat is the greater because the illusion is performed in the world not of fact but of fancy. His method is seen at its greatest in the famous description of the Emperor of Lilliput. "The Emperor's features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, an arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, and his deportment majestic. He is taller by the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into beholders." This is no isolated triumph of the mock-heroic. It indicates Swift's demoniac perseverance. When he takes us to Lilliput, he never for an instant forgets that his scale is set to the inch. In Brobdingnag he is equally careful to adjust all his measurements to the standard of the grass which was twenty feet high, and of the men who were as tall as steeples. According to Johnson it is the leading idea in work of this kind that counts for everything. In reality it is the little things that count. The illusion can be the result only of an infinitude of careful and patient detail. One slip of the conjurer's hand, and the house of cards tumbles to the ground.

There has never been any doubt of the correctness of Swift's own judgment that "The Tale of a Tub" is his masterpiece. Its cleverness can scarcely be expressed as other than diabolical. It stands alone in our literature—a "kind" by itself, and quite perfect of its kind. Among Swift's shorter essays in prose, there is none more characteristic than his "Vindication of Bickerstaff," in which he describes with so much witty detail the death of Partridge the astrologer that the poor quack had some difficulty in denying the truth of his decease. As regards the famous "Journal to Stella" there is still as much divergence of opinion as there is about its author. It is at least safe to say that it is one of the most fascinating books in the language. You may question its sincerity, you may suspect it of a selfish egotism, but its undying interest you cannot doubt.

"Swift is the typical instance of the powerlessness of pure intellect to secure any but intellectual triumphs. But even the victories of his brain were tainted; his genius left a taste of brass on his own palate . . . Those have not sounded the depths of human misery who have not followed in their mysterious obscurity the movements of the character of Swift."

RANGER.

The following are some suggested texts and reference books:—

Journal to Stella. 3s. net. (Newnes.)
Gulliver's Travels. 1s. net. (Frowde.)
Swift's Prose Works. 3s. 6d. per vol. (Bell.)
Life of Swift. By Leslie Stephen. 1s. (Macmillan.)

New Books.

CHARLES LEVER: HIS LIFE IN HIS LETTERS.*

Charles Lever's works—though "works" perhaps is the last term that he himself would have applied to them, for there was nothing he resented more than the idea of appearing laborious—are undoubtedly among the most popular of the most popular genre in literature that the last century produced. And it is probably no great exaggeration to say that there are few novelists whose writings evoke a stronger feeling of curiosity in regard to their author than his. He was one of a small group of novelists whose opportunities for observation were unlimited, and whose memoirs, had he possessed the slightest talent for analysis or introspection, would have provided an almost unrivalled feast for all inquisitive spectators of the human comedy. Among the writers of a cognate species with whom he had most in common, one would incline to put Lever somewhere between Smollett and Marryat. With Smollett, indeed, he has many points in common. Both novelists were doctors, whose first desire had been to go into the service; both had the same restless, sanguine, lavish, aggrieved, and finally somewhat embittered temperament. Both were *voyageurs de race*, first-rate observers, and somewhat superficial humorists; both were happily married at an early age, though they write with extreme levity about most kinds of conjugal infelicity; both were galley-slaves of the desk, who exhausted almost every kind of literary and journalistic device in their frantic struggles to keep out of debt.

In both the undoubted genius was in a constant state of revolt against the chronic over-production to which the necessities of its master subjected it. The Scotsman, of course, was a much better educated man than the Irishman; and he had a stronger and more original vein of literary talent. Lever had the advantage in luck and good humour, and was certainly more extravagant even than Smollett. Both were valetudinarians, and died south of the Alps. Neither succeeded in surpassing his first novel in life or vigour, though, in much later life, Smollett produced a mellowed masterpiece of travel-talk thrown into the form of epistolary character-fiction, and Lever must have had "Clinker" full in view when he began the series of humorous character-epistles to which he gave the title of "The Dodd Family Abroad," the best-written, most reflective of all his works, and composed fourteen years after "Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley." Had we the materials for such a work, a full and well documented Life of Smollett would be one of the most interesting memorials of the eighteenth century. A Life of Lever, however copious, would stand upon a very different plane. It would, nevertheless, be a work of extraordinary interest and diversity, and it is regrettable to think that we can now expect nothing of the kind. Such a Memoir can never be written, for writers and memorials have alike perished. As things are we shall probably never get a much closer view of Lever than we can get from the vantage ground of these Letters.

They are well edited and concatenated by Mr. Edmund Downey, and form a most useful and desirable supplement to the Life of Lever by Dr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, of which a second and revised edition appeared in 1884. Some of the letters have already seen the light in Mrs. Oliphant's "Annals of a Publishing House." A large proportion of them, we imagine, had been looked over and utilised by the biographer aforesaid, but, as he rarely quoted a letter in extenso, the majority of them are still unfamiliar. They furnish us with the full epistolary material upon which Fitzpatrick's Life was based, and they show us why that Life was so unsatisfactory; not owing to any fault of the compiler, but for the excellent reason that the real Lever is always perdu; he is unapproachable. You get reflections from the surface or near it, but you cannot penetrate any distance, you cannot see into the depths at all. A good critical sketch of Charles Lever, with biographical illustrations, could be made decidedly interesting; but not a Memoir, for there is little to interest us in Harry Lorrequer as an artist, and we have not sufficient data to furnish us with a full length of the man.

Yet the Letters are highly amusing as far as they go, and put before us the outward circumstances and external problems of Lever's existence with the greatest possible lucidity. At the very time when he was writing his brightest books, namely 1838-40, Lever was just launching himself as a physician to the fashionable English colony in Brussels. His writing was done late at night, "a laborious finale to the day's work," he calls it. He was genuinely astonished at the success of "Lorrequer," which he estimated at about the same value as Henry Fielding did his plays. "If this sort of thing amuses them," thought I, "I can go on for ever.' In the meantime he was attending Polignac, Peel, Brougham and Lyndhurst *en visite* at Brussels, and giving weekly soirées to the "great guns, all the different corps diplomatique and lords and marquises without end." "The thing is cheaply done here—a well-lit room, plenty of servants, ices, lemonade glacé, and stirrup-cup of spiced-wine at twelve o'clock—and that completes the expenditure. You can have fifty people—and we never had less—for about five pounds sterling." This sounds innocent enough, but the mischief was that Lever was once and for all forming the habit of living as a rich man among the beau-monde, which burdened him so heavily as a writer, with encumbrance and without independent resources for the remainder of his life. He assumes such indispensable accessories to life as *dindes aux truffes* and iced champagne, two or three horses in his stable, and the best procurable cigars, as a matter of course. He was not profuse in the same grandiose kind of way that Smollett was, but his normal expenditure must have been much larger, and the cares of housekeeping followed him from Brussels to Templeogue, from Templeogue to Florence, and from Florence to Trieste. Hence the continual burden of these epistles, which would be comic but for the careworn face, the index of financial worries without end, that we see lurking behind them all. "My last book is a poor performance—skim-milky; but what can you expect for £20 a sheet"; a page or two on it is "Well, now I have something really good—a brand new serial, so jocose and so comical; let us

* "Charles Lever: His Life in His Letters." By Edmund Downey. With Portraits. In two volumes. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

"The Novels of Charles Lever." Uniform Edition. With the original illustrations. 3s. 6d. per vol. (Macmillan.)

Photo London Stereoscopic Co. **Charles Lever.**

renew the old contract, £20 a sheet, and I will begin with the April quarter," and then a little later: "Get me something—anything—out of him . . for I'm terrible crippled for gilt." The position in a nutshell was something like this: that from 1840 until 1870 Lever could not manage under from £1,500 to £2,000 a year, of which he had to make two-thirds at least by instant literary labour. He was consequently in a chronic condition of being "stony-broke"; and his appeals to his best friend, John Blackwood, for a renewed supply of "the gilt," become so increasingly outspoken that he writes more than once: "I would not dun you—but I want money," or "Your note contained no cheque: I suppose you may have found it on your table since." The result is that Lever's Letters are as mercenary as Forster's "Dickens" at its worst. Losses at whist or bills falling due give him no respite. He is in a perpetual state of demanding payment. It is only towards the end that he begins to display any passion as a politician. But for a saving clause that a Saxon could never possibly understand Ireland, he kept a fairly open mind until the polished platitudes of Gladstone (whom he describes as "Joseph Surface with a strong Lancashire burr") made a bigoted Tory of him by repulsion. Lever had the defects as well as the merits of the sanguine temperament. He is enthusiastic about every new start and every new situation in life. Trieste, at first, is "all I can desire"; then, with appalling abruptness, "unpleasant, damnable. Nothing to eat, nothing to drink, no one to speak to." "Of all the dreary places it has been my fate to sojourn in, this is the very worst." The composition, which at one time so delights and amuses, represents itself to him at another as "writing till one or two or three o'clock every imaginable kind of nonsense, with a heavy heart and an aching head—for means, ay, for means—only to continue the same dull drudgery somewhat longer." He could never be alone; he loved to be surrounded by his children, and was addicted to the utmost to assemblies, dances, "whists," outdoor parties, and every kind of social diversion. Similarly, he was almost morbidly dependent upon encouragement, and spared himself no effort to elicit a word of praise from such critics as Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Oliphant, and John Blackwood. His was the temperament, too, that passionately regrets youth. After thirty-eight years or so, what has life to offer but one universal declension? "Let the crew pump now, the leak gains every hour." As in the somewhat kindred nature of Moore, the most buoyant exhilaration and effervescence of spirits was followed by a fixed and almost impenetrable melancholy. This gloomy outlook, however, did not prevent many a brilliant ebullition of wit in conversation. It is true that there are not many epigrams of special merit in these volumes. But there is no denying the abundant testimony as to Lever's pre-eminence as a talker and raconteur. "Rouse Lever in the middle of the night," said Trollope, "and wit would come from him before he was half awake." Lever cannot be said to have fully reciprocated this flattering opinion. "His books are not of a high order," he wrote of Trollope's, "but still I am always surprised that *he* could write them." But the literary opinions expressed in these volumes, regarded as a whole, are certainly neither many nor valuable. If we get little of Lever *intime* in these volumes, we get still less of Lever the literary critic. He is always ready to say a good word for anyone who has ever praised Lorrequer; one is surprised to find him eulogising "Felix Holt." He evidently regarded Mrs. Browning and her set at Florence much as a rollicking young subaltern might be expected to regard Hannah More. The one fine literary admiration expressed in the book is that for Scott, but Scott rather as a man than as an author. He writes with emotion of Scott's "grand heroic spirit—that trumpet note on his organ." "The influence that a gentleman exerts in society upon a knot of inferiors was the sort of influence Scott brought to bear upon the whole nation."

Of Lever, as of Trollope, it may no doubt be said that his best books are not of a high literary order. There is no coherence about them, and the type of character is for the most part elementary. His women, it has been observed, are mostly rouées, romps or Xantippes; his heroes have too much of the Pickle temper about them, and fall an easy prey to the serious attacks of Poe, or the more playful ones of Thackeray and Bret Harte. Who, indeed, can forget Terence Deuville exchanging nineteen shots with Hon. Capt. Henry Somerset in the glen? "At each fire I shot away a

From a drawing by Arthur Rackham.

"I levelled my heavy hunting whip at his head."

(Reproduced from "Charles O'Malley," by kind permission of Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co.)

button from his uniform. As my last bullet shot off the last button from his sleeve, I remarked quietly: 'You seem now, my lord, to be almost as ragged as the gentry you sneered at,' and rode haughtily away." And yet these careless sketches contain such lasting and inimitable figures as Frank Webber, Major Monsoon, and Micky Free, "the Sam Weller of Ireland"! When these gaily-tinted stories began to run out Lever set himself to study the technique and to learn the mechanism of his art. His later books, "Sir Brook Fosbrooke," for example, are far superior in construction and style. They approximate, in fact, to good ordinary novels, but they lack the *extraordinary* qualities, the incommunicable go of the early books; the élan of Lever's untamed youth. Artless and almost formless these productions may be, but they represent to us, as very few other books can, that pathetic ejaculation of Lever's own: "Give us back the wild freshness of the morning." We know his teachers: Maxwell, Napier, and the old-fashioned compilation entitled "Victoires, Conquètes et Désastres des Français" (1835), all well-known books; and the old buffers at Brussels who emptied the room by uttering the word Badajos, as a hundred years before people fled from General Churchill and his adventures at Malplaquet. But where else shall we find such vital campaigning or such animated battle-pieces as in the pages of Lever? He has actually anticipated by many years the best effects of Marbot and his fellow memoirists, Thièbaut, Seruzier, Lejeune and Burgoyne. We can still find no equals to the military scenes in "O'Malley" and "Tom Burke," or the military episodes in "Jack Hinton," "Arthur O'Leary" (the story of Aubuisson), or "Maurice Tiernay" (nothing he ever did is finer than the chapter introducing "A remnant of Fontenoy"). Such scenes and portraits as these will not be soon for the Stygian shore. It is here that his true genius lies, even more than in his talent for conviviality and fun, which make an early copy of an early Lever seem literally to exhale an atmosphere of entertainment. It is here that he is a true romancist, not for boys only, but also for men. He is too often denounced in these days for his lack of art and his lack of true Irish feeling. But as a writer Lever can manage very well without art. And if such trivialities as

parties and politics are to be bandied about among bookmen, literary criticism is indeed foredoomed. If Lever's wit and humour are to be denounced as un-Irish, merely because of his artless landlordism—well, so much the worse for Ireland.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

A ROMNEY FOR THE AMERICANS.*

By public vote, as I gather, Mrs. Humphry Ward's newest novel is judged to be her best. It will have its run at all libraries, be found in stacks at the railway book-stalls, and then? Then, like the widespread American "Choir Invisible" and "Little Shepherd," it will pass, leaving not much of a track behind. Its good qualities are undeniable. But in conception, handling, and limit, "Fenwick's Career tells us at every turn that the cultivated woman of a certain Anglo-American type has determined what it should be. Elsewhere, the movement called Feminism may meet with checks and cross-influences; its triumph in romantic, or at least in story-telling literature, we cannot but acknowledge. With consequences, no doubt, of a mixed and motley sort! On the whole, I think such writing does not signify except as amusement provided by women for women. Ten pages of Hawthorne outvalue it all. And the proof lies at hand. Men whose life-work it is to study the world's great books, can read their "Twice Told Tales" many times over, for these are things that live and do not die. Can we thus go back to the women's novels lately in request? Not, I fear, even to criticize them. I shall never take up "Marcella" during a free moment, or the story now in question, that I may feed heart or imagination upon it. This I know to be true. It is a severe judgment, pronounced by the deepest instinct within me; nor am I alone when I utter it. "Brilliant, fashionable, superficial," are not epithets that make for immortality. They do, nevertheless, fit like a modern "confection" from Paris, the volumes which they describe.

Eugenie.

(Reproduced from "Fenwick's Career," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

Romney the painter has served Mrs. Ward for a model. Her theme is the wedded artist, his Egeria likewise wedded (though not happily) and his forsaken wife. There was such a Romney, with a Lady Hamilton, etcetera;—it may be all verified in that Bible we term the British Encyclopædia. Suppose we took the profoundly human thing alive to be operated upon by Balzac, nay, even by his lesser disciples, the Goncourts, how would it come forth again? True and terrible, with mighty strokes of anguish;—the love, shame, inspiration, vanity, remorse; the low burning fires of the pit; and the final gleam, the wife's affection casting its ray upon a dead man's face—we should get them all somehow, not without pain to ourselves. But, here? Here, since the audience is Anglo-American, "oh, my friends, let us be virtuous"; for appearances, outside the Divorce Courts, and Council Bluffs, are always to be respected. Lady Hamilton shall undergo a whitewashing. Call her Madame de Pastourelles; give her an agnostic *cicisbeo*; and treat her as a suffering saint. Let Romney-Fenwick, though faults be hinted of a venial kind, simply get patronage from his discreet Lady Hamilton, and be punished, not because he broke his marriage vow (for he never did), but on account of a little harmless concealment which left his wife in the shade. The wife herself, who runs to Canada with her child in a mad hour of suspicion, and so embroils everything, keeps a stainless record. Thus wicked human nature, says the American code, shall be washed, and draped, and taught politeness; there is never any tragedy in life, only a slight misunderstanding. Nerves, poor things! Phœbe, down in the Lake district, had nerves; so had Fenwick in Bloomsbury; even Madame Egeria would have had them, but though an unbeliever she went pretty often to Mass, and that did her good. How artificial, bric-à-brac, distinguished, dilettante-like, and ineffective, it all is! Not one of these creatures but seems to have just come out of a consulting-room where fanciful complaints are treated. The Romney tragedy is brought down to an affair of *malaise*. True, we perceive in the careful, rather massive style, as in the attention to landscape and the setting of Versailles, a healthy English power quite self-controlled. The puppets may move on wires; the author manages them with a steady hand. When they have been well shaken, but not to pieces, she holds them up uninjured, turns on the soothing melody of young love, and assures us that we need not cry any more. But we have not found our eyelashes wet. Once we catch the American accent, our fears of too deep an agitation yield place before the critical enquiry which compares and discriminates. Is this to be our highest form of romance? A little art, a little intrigue, a world well-padded, suffering an interlude, and the Royal Academy dinner to close the scene? Is the gentle hypocrisy of syndicated American novels to be the last word in literature? Such pretty fireworks! But the newspapers remind us that volcanoes and earthquakes cannot be entirely abolished.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "Fenwick's Career." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

PASTORAL POETRY AND PASTORAL DRAMA.*

Mr. Greg has "hall-marked" his book unmistakably, at least in the eyes of some students of literary history, by a sentence which, though it occurs towards the conclusion (p. 417), is implicitly conveyed in the opening, and serves as practical text for the whole work. "Pastoral is not capable of definition by reference to any essential quality . . . . . Pastoral is what the writers of pastoral have made it." The load which is thus lifted from the mind of the critic—for, as has been said, any tolerably perspicacious reader will perceive the recognition of the principle in the first few pages—is a heavy one and grievous. We are exempted at once from the annoyance of anticipating, and from the greater annoyance of finding, that "Comus" is not a masque, that "The Pilgrim's Progress" is not a novel or even a romance, that "As

* "Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama." A Literary Enquiry, with special reference to the pre-Restoration Stage in England. By Walter W. Greg, M.A. (A. H. Bullen.)

You Like It" is too lyrical to be dramatic, and that "The Skylark" is too something else to be lyrical. For the best part of a century the disuse of criticism "by kinds" had freed us from this teasing pedantry. But it has returned in some strength of late, and the increasing fashion of literary monographs has brought it an inevitable and formidable reinforcement. Mr. Greg, as we have seen, declares against it formally, and not only this, but abides by his declaration in practice. He takes what he finds, and shows himself very well able to give a good account of what he has found and taken.

It may be admitted that the definition-mongers had a rather unusually strong temptation to their mongering, if not an unusually strong excuse for it, in this particular case. The universality and persistence of the pastoral form on the one hand, and the singular inconsistencies and indeed absurdities to which it leads on the other, almost provoke the attempt to find some special "word of the enigma." The present reviewer has probably as strong an objection to mere theory-making as any man living. Yet he once only pulled himself on the verge of suggesting a connection between the wool staple of English trade and the persistence of English pastoral.

Mr. Greg—and it is once more to his credit—abstains from the not uncommon practice of refusing to theorise and then insinuating theory. It is not even quite clear whether he would fully accept the doctrine—which is probably the true one—that here, as in so many other cases, form is simply fashion, and tradition the most impregnable basis of establishment. But whether he would or whether he would not, he has here pursued the only sound method of literary history, by giving, first an account of the origins and ancestry of his matter, and then a reasoned survey of that matter itself. The first chapter, with its account of the pastoral in classical, mediæval, and the earliest Renaissance literature, is excellently done, both in substance and in proportion. One might desire—perhaps from old personal associations and familiarity, rather than for strict critical reasons—a rather fuller treatment of that very curious phenomenon, the French *pastourelle*, with its Provençal and other congeners. But it is only fair to admit, first that this fascinating and curious sub-species is but, as it were, a loop or backwater in the great pastoral stream, and secondly, that it has little or no influence on Mr. Greg's "special reference."

To this survey of the remoter origins in Chapter I., corresponds in Chapter III. another, necessarily fuller on particular points, of the Italian Pastoral drama, and especially of the two masterpieces of Tasso and Guarini—the bulk of the enquiry into *English* pastoral poetry and drama being disposed into Chapter II., which deals with the poetry, and Chapters IV.-VII., which deal with the drama. The method is quite satisfactory, and the "stuff" of individual citation and criticism is fully worthy of it. Mr. Greg's ability and accuracy as a bibliographer and editor are well known, and he has done excellent work as a critic proper. But he has not, perhaps, in the latter capacity, yet lodged such a diploma-piece as the present. For he has not contented himself, as some do, with mere analysis and classification. And when you get out of mere analysis and classification in reference to such folk as Tasso, Guarini, Spenser, Jonson, Fletcher, and Milton, you present yourself to be tried high. One should always judge a poet by the passages where one is most in sympathy with him, and a critic by those where one is in least: though to do the latter it is probably necessary to *be* a critic, while to do the former it is fortunately not necessary to be a poet. On this principle I myself can speak highly of Mr. Greg's treatment of "The Shepherd's Kalendar," though I do not at all agree with his general idea of it. He, like Professor Herford, thinks that it shows "a conscious principle of artistic construction," and not only this (to which in a rather different sense I should agree), but that it is allegorical of the life of man, that it has three connecting poems, etc. Now I feel sure that Spenser, being an artist, did mean to throw an air of artistic unity over the book, and I think he succeeded, as I also think in relation to the "Faerie Queene." But I believe that in the "Kalendar" it was merely an artistic afterthought—a "fiction"—and that what Spenser really wanted was first to put forth in *some* form a collection of his youthful poems, and secondly to make as many prosodic experiments as he could. But Mr. Greg makes better fight than I have yet seen made for the opposite view. And we may agree that in any case Spenser shows the adaptability of the form, and so helps to explain—what he himself partly caused in England—its popularity. Now this adaptability, be it remembered, the form, though perhaps to a less degree, had always shown to some extent—from Theocritus and Virgil to Barclay and Mantuan—it is really of its essence. The shepherd guise is really a *dis*guise—a domino and masque ready to be adjusted to any personage to be introduced or smuggled. Perhaps the original wolf, when he draped himself in the original sheep's clothing, was the true begetter of pastoral!

To most readers the opportunity of considering, in the light of an intelligently comparative criticism uncoloured by theory, the four masterpieces (Mr. Greg makes them five by a chivalrous if dubious promotion of Randolph's "Amyntas"), the "Aminta," the "Pastor Fido," the "Faithful Shepherdess," and the "Sad Shepherd," will perhaps be the most welcome thing in the book. Certainly the survey of the Italian and English pairs illustrates, in a curious way, the characteristics of a very large part of English literature. It must be granted, probably, that, without Tasso and Guarini, Fletcher and Jonson would not have written. And Fletcher no doubt owes rent or interest for other things besides general form, and even, to some extent, special plot and character. Yet how new, how different, a thing is the English pastoral, especially in that most precious of fragments, "The Sad Shepherd"! Every time one reads the piece, it pleases more: and there are few more curious things of the kind than the way in which the great neo-classic and reactionary dramatist among the Elizabethans adopts, or is just on the point of adopting, the most characteristic devices of the English Romantic drama. The buckling of a historic, a half-historic, or at least *known* fable to a purely inventive one; the mixture of farce and pathos; the blending of the supernatural—these actually appear in what we have of "The Sad Shepherd," and much more must have appeared to complete it in concatenation accordingly. As for its finished companion or forerunner, Fletcher's unlucky touch of the unhealthy—his *patchouli* odour—no doubt affects it: but would anyone who loves and knows literature and poetry be without it—patchouli and all? By the mere fact of its patent artificiality, the pastoral lends itself to sentimentalism just as it lends itself to caricature. But it has this perennial justification—the sufficient justification of *any* form—that it lends itself to *art*. In these four pieces at any rate it has passed the test. It has produced figs—therefore it is a fig-tree, and no barren one.

Of its lesser fruitage—down from "Amyntas" itself, of which there is no need to speak disrespectfully, because one may think it a little overparted with the others—Mr. Greg has given good account. Of his charity let his observation on some remarks of an American critic, that they are "a *singular* instance of misapplied ingenuity in pursuance of a preconceived idea," speak. Alas! such instances are not "singular"! Of his critical orthodoxy it is almost enough to say that he stigmatises as "the acme of critical fatuity" the censure of work "because it is not of a type to which its author never had the remotest intention of making it conform." For special passages likely to combine interest with novelty for many readers, let us cite the vigorous championship of Drayton—a poet who, after long occultation, seems to be coming to his own again—if not even to a little more; the acute and well-balanced estimates of William Browne, and of the "Arcadia"; the notice of Beccari's "Sacrifizio," which really does seem to be the first of Renaissance pastoral plays; and last, but not least, the very outspoken criticism of "Comus." Here again the present writer would at some places (not at all by any means) part company with Mr. Greg: but that is chiefly because the one looks chiefly at the play, the other at the poem.

Let us end with two points, not of opinion exactly. Mr. Greg says that Jonson's "Earine" is a "coining." It is surely but the feminine of a name found in Martial, with a peculiarly exquisite annotation. And he says that "The Maid of Orleans might equally as well have dug *potatoes* as tended a flock." Now, might she? Does horticultural history or historical horticulture bear out the idea? It is obviously a matter of extreme importance, and from the point of view of certain critics, it would affect Mr. Greg's critical competence quite vitally. From that of others, perhaps not.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IMPERIAL PURPLE.*

The cover of this curious work is in strict harmony with its title, nor are "purple patches" wanting to its pages. The writer has selected the most striking figures of the Roman Empire in order to make them the subject of nine brief essays, the character of which may be at once surmised from such titles as "That Woman," "The Pursuit of the Impossible," "Nero," "Faustine," and "The Agony." Their value as a contribution to either history or literature is, perhaps, hard to estimate for a writer who, wishing to compare Caligula and Claudius, whom he familiarly calls "Claud,' states that "between them they assimilate every contradiction, and in their incoherences explain that incomprehensible chaos which was Rome," is not a writer about whose real meaning an ordinary critic can be sure. And again, when he describes Augustus as "exiling his daughter, not because she had lovers, but because she had other lovers than himself, and exiling Ovid because of Livia, who in the end poisoned her prince, and adroitly, too," the student who is not an expert in scandal must be content to state that he hears this loathsome story about Augustus for the first time, that the cause of Ovid's banishment is universally regarded as unknown, and that, as Augustus was seventy-seven when he died, and had lived with his wife fifty years, the story of his having been poisoned has been repudiated by all sober judges. Or how is it possible to value at its true worth the style of an author who speaks of Nero as "a *poseur* that bored, a beast that disgusted, a caricature of the impossible in a crimson frame," and who concludes his essay with this inimitable epigram—"'*Qualis artifex pereo*' he (*i.e.*, the dying Emperor) is reported to have muttered. Say rather *qualis moechus*"? Such a conclusion of a printed essay is so unique both in style and substance that criticism is dumb before it, and, indeed, silence is the only proper comment on much that Mr. Saltus writes. The character of two of the quotations that have just been given is sufficiently obvious, and the references to vice in this small volume are too numerous to be accidental. Possibly the severe truth of history demands that the debauchery of the Roman Empire should not wholly be forgotten or concealed. It may be well that we should occasionally be reminded what paganism can sometimes mean, but it is certainly not well that essays intended for general reading should be studded with allusions to subjects which can only disgust a healthy mind, nor are the aberrations of Gibbon a true model for any historian, and least of all for Mr. Saltus. A writer who obtrudes on us references to such obscure filth as "the maxims and instructions of Elephantis" might at least correct such spellings as *pontifix*, *Triomphe*, *pulvina*, "Ægian sea," "Noevian iambics," "Pentapharmarch," and "Ctezias"; he might tell us what he means by saying that Hadrian was "smitten with imperalia," and explain why he four times writes "Lampridus" for the historian Lampridius. The real student of antiquity will in his investigations come across many heaps of garbage. He may, perhaps, be compelled painfully to examine them, and even to publish the result of his discoveries, exactly as a physician may be compelled to discuss nauseating and repulsive facts. But that a writer, apparently only poorly acquainted with classical learning, should deal with the worst aspects of Roman life in a series of sensational essays seems to be an offence against all the traditions of honest literature.

T. E. PAGE.

ENGLISH HISTORIANS.†

The object of this volume in the Warwick Library, for which Professor Grant is responsible, will be best explained in the editor's own words—"to illustrate the characteristics of English historians . . . by a double, and to some extent parallel series of extracts, the first illustrating the aims and motives of historians, mostly by their own utterances with regard to their craft; the second exhibiting their style and method of composition by passages of some length drawn from their most important works." Accordingly, after the editor's critical and introductory preface, we find the volume divided into two parts, the first devoted to passages "illustrating the view taken by historians at different periods of the objects and methods of history," the second to "passages illustrating the method and style adopted by historians at different periods." The first part starts with Francis Bacon, and ends with Professor Bury; the second with the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, jumps immediately to Capgrave's Chronicle of England, passes to Clarendon, and so to S. R. Gardiner. A volume the essential feature of which is selection from a vast literature ranging over many centuries, lends itself very easily to criticism, particularly the criticism of those who, if required to make the selection for themselves, would have selected differently. An anthology can never satisfy every reader; it probably satisfies least of all its editor. For example, I may perhaps say at once that I should have excerpted different passages from Clarendon, Carlyle, Macaulay, probably from all the historians particularly who figure in Part II.; but such criticism serves no useful purpose, save to indicate that a reader is quarrelling quite unnecessarily with his editor's judgment as to "characteristics." Criticism, in fact, to be of any use must revert to first principles. Is it really possible or desirable to do what Professor Grant has done? His object, I understand, is not to collect for the dram-drinker a case of delectable liqueurs in small doses, neatly labelled and classified according to vintage and strength, but to benefit that much more tiresome person, "the serious student," to provide him with an Introduction, to create a thirst and then to satisfy it in such a way as to make him thirsty for the rest of his life. I am pig-headed enough to maintain that for the subject in question that is not the best way of dealing with our familiar friend "the serious student." A critical essay on English Historians from Bede and Asser to Professor Bury and Professors Firth and Oman from Professor Grant's pen is most welcome, and I should like it thrice as long as it is; it is the extracts that my perverseness boggles at. But in the matter of these extracts let a distinction be drawn at once. It is Part II. rather than Part I. to which I so peevishly object. That a valuable conspectus, throwing most interesting light both on the evolution of historical method, the conceptions of the functions of the historian, and on the phases of historical literary technique, can be framed I fully agree. But it is demonstrable that to be really valuable it must be fuller than the eighty odd pages assigned to it by Professor Grant. Similarly, to illustrate "method and style" in a hundred not very large pages is clearly unsatisfactory, simply because the omissions, both in the authors selected and in those passed over, must be more important than the inclusions. And—even a bigger question—can the characteristics of the style, method, results of a great historian be illustrated by an extract? You may be able to illustrate the art of Velasquez by a single portrait, or of Turner by perhaps "the Fighting Temeraire," a poet by a single poem, an orator by a single speech, but can you "illustrate" Velasquez by a piece of the back of the Venus, or Mr. Gladstone by a peroration? Even more forcibly I would contend that you cannot illustrate, say, Carlyle *the historian*, nor Carlyle the writer, by a passage shorter than the essay on "The Diamond Necklace," any more than you can illustrate Darwin, the man of science, by a few pages from "The Origin of Species." In brief, I should like to see Part II. thrown overboard, and the space in the ship devoted to the cargo, some of which is in Part I., while the rest, equally nourishing and precious, has been left behind. Further arguments in favour of this inclusion can be found throughout Professor Grant's "Introduction," though the writer will perhaps object to his own critical remarks being used in this way. One example out of many will suffice. "Gibbon's history" (p. xxxv.) "was the product of profound research, pushed as far as the circumstances of the time allowed." Certainly. But to judge whether Professor Grant is justified in this weighty verdict, "the serious student" must read at least one whole volume of "the Decline and Fall." Twenty-five illustrative pages will not make him feel that beyond all question Gibbon's place amongst the historians of the world is in the very limited first division of the first class. Two further remarks may be added. Those who think, a majority probably, that the thing can be done, will probably agree that Professor Grant has done it as satisfactorily as we have any right to demand. Secondly, that in his Preface the editor disarms the disagreeable by indicating in advance his partial agreement with the

* "Imperial Purple." By Edgar Saltus. 3s. 6d. net. pp. 213. (Greening and Co.)

† "English Historians." With an Introduction by A. J. Grant. (Blackie and Son.)

reasons which compel a reader who strongly sympathises with the limits under which Professor Grant has worked to state his doubts. C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

THREE ACTORS AND A STATESMAN.*

"In truth, there is little to awaken interest in the story of an actor's life," Sir Theodore Martin remarks in his monograph on Macready; and there will be found few to quarrel with this pronouncement, for usually the only interesting thing about the actor is his personality, that most intangible thing, that *je ne sais quoi*, which no writer, not even the greatest, can convey absolutely to the mind. This is where, of necessity, the biography of the actor fails, for it is personality alone that makes for the highest success on the stage, which cannot be achieved by study or practice. The only readable part of the story of an actor's life is the record of the days when he is struggling from obscurity into fame: the rest is but a barren record of parts undertaken, and of what has been said of those performances, and no one, but perhaps a stage-struck youth, can possibly be thrilled by a list of parts, even though they should be so distinguished as Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello, nor can pleasure or instruction in any degree be derived from the study of even a "star" cast.

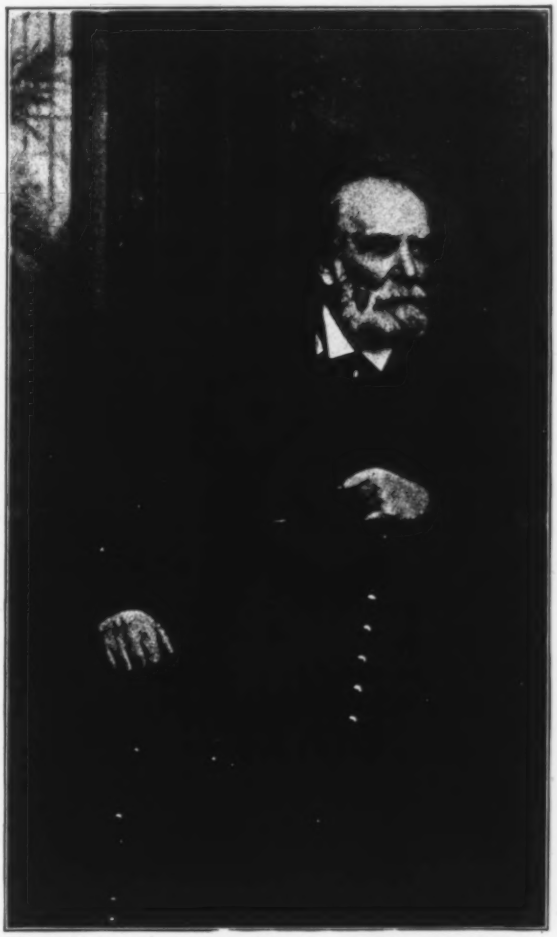


Photo Mayall. **Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.**

If it is easy to agree with Sir Theodore Martin on this point, it is imperative to join issue with him when he refers to "the intrinsic nobility of the actor's art," which he describes as "one of the most difficult, as well as the noblest of the arts." Wonderful it is, certainly; but as certainly not noble; and as for the question of difficulty, this may be dismissed with the assertion that acting is an instinct, or, perhaps it is more courteous to say, an inspiration, and as likely to be found in the illiterate as in the cultured. Indeed, the balance of probability is on the side of the former, since a study of the history of the stage shows that the vast majority of really great actors and actresses have risen from the uneducated, or the comparatively uneducated. Indeed, Sir Theodore Martin gives the lie to his own statement, by telling us of the great and undoubtedly well-deserved success of that "dallying and dangerous beauty" idealised by Charles Reade, Peg Woffington, who drew the town to Drury Lane Theatre, after having been picked out of the streets of Dublin as a child, crying "halfpenny salads"; and of the infinitely greater success of that genius before whom the brilliance of all English actresses fades to a farthing rush-light, Rachel, who could read fairly well and write very badly, but could not spell, and was completely ignorant of the simplest grammatical rules, and rarely knew more of the play in which she was performing than the scenes in which she was on the stage. Yet both these women sprang into fame almost without an effort!—which facts do not help us to realise the difficulty of the art of acting. Indeed, there is no difficulty, in the ordinary sense of the word. If you have the gift, well and good; if you have not, you can never acquire it, schools of acting notwithstanding, though you may perhaps secure engagements by reason of the scarcity of the supply of the real thing. The actor is born, and the performance of all others can never deceive even the uncritical; even as a man is born white or black, handsome or ugly.

It is a somewhat abrupt transition from Garrick, Macready, and Rachel to Stockmar. Sir Theodore Martin begins his essay on the physician-diplomatist: "If reputation always followed desert, the question, 'Who was Baron Stockmar?' would not be so common as it is in general society." But surely it may be assumed that "general society" is sufficiently aware of the man's importance not to show such childlike innocence, for are there not the "Memoirs" and "The Life of the Prince Consort," where all may satisfy their curiosity. Then, remembering that these monographs are but reprinted magazine articles, turning to the preface, the fact comes to light that the article appeared in 1872, and is clearly a review of the "Memoirs of Baron Stockmar." Probably in that year the Baron was but a name, but since then much light has been thrown upon his career, and such a sentence as that with which the paper opens should surely have been altered or deleted.

There was for a long time a tendency to minimise the importance of Stockmar, but in the light of subsequent revelations it is impossible not to admit the influence he wielded, or to deny its far-reaching effects. Born at Coburg in 1787, he was sent eighteen years later to various German universities, where he studied medicine until 1810, in which year he was given an official appointment as doctor in his native town. There he attracted the attention of Prince Leopold, who thought so well of him that he brought him as body-physician when he came to England to marry Princess Charlotte of Wales. When the Princess's death brought that union to a close, Leopold in his bereavement turned to his trusty friend, and made him vow never to desert him, a promise that was so faithfully kept that Stockmar wrote subsequently, "I seem to exist rather to take thought for others than for myself, with this destiny I am quite content." Stockmar married in 1821, and set up a home for his wife in Coburg, where he sometimes did not go for years at a time. It might not be uninteresting to hear what the wife really thought of this arrangement!

When the bonds were knit so closely between Prince Leopold and Stockmar, the latter no longer practised as physician, but was appointed Private Secretary and Controller of the Prince's Household. Actually, he was confidential adviser to the Prince, and his advice seems usually to have been sound. He persuaded his Royal master to stay in England until 1831, and during that period made a profound study of the English constitution and its manifold peculiarities. It was against his advice that Leopold accepted the Greek throne before arranging the terms on which it was to be held, and he was revenged when, the terms being unsatisfactory, the latter withdrew from the position. He was the man behind Leopold, when arrangements were made for the "Marquis Peu-à-peu" to become King of Belgium,

* "Monographs. Garrick, Macready, Rachel, and Baron Stockmar." By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. 12s. net. (Murray.)

and he had much to do with making matters smooth during the early years of the new reign. Then he interested himself again in English politics, having *au fond* the advancement of the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. He persuaded the Duke of Kent to appoint his wife as guardian of Princess Victoria, although the Prince Regent intended that only members of the Royal family should be named. In those days his influence was paramount with the Duchess, and when difficulties arose, the cry was, "Send for Stockmar!" At the time of Victoria's accession Stockmar was undoubtedly in the prompter's box. He visited Melbourne, and assured him the young Queen would give him her support, for which assurance the Viscount was not excessively grateful, and, on a later occasion, complained pettishly, "I do not want it to be said that Stockmar influences me." For years Stockmar led "an anonymous and subterranean life," pulling the strings of royalty, and striving vainly to win back to the Crown those prerogatives which it had long since lost. A monarchist of the deepest dye, he never, perhaps, mastered the true secrets of the English Constitution; yet he probably felt repaid for all his efforts on the day when Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha married England's Queen, and so gave to the reigning house of his native country a *prestige* that had never before been the portion of that principality.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

"DOWN-ALONG."*

In "Cornish Saints and Sinners" Mr. Henry Harris laughs good-humouredly at Cornish men and women, and Cornish men and women will probably smile back at him as good-humouredly, feeling that he has spared them a modern danger. For Mr. Harris might as easily have sentimentalised over them, and every good native may pray to be delivered from that. To voice our only grumble at the beginning, let us confess that his re-telling of the legends of the saints is not to our taste, and we greatly prefer his writing and Mr. Raven Hill's drawings when they are simply true or naturally humorous, to those when author and artist turn caricaturist. Caricaturing is perfectly legitimate, and there is no malice whatever in this volume, but, speaking frankly, both author and artist do the other thing in undoubtedly better style. But excepting this flippancy, and an occasional bit of ineffective "fooling," the book is enjoyable, shrewd and wholesome. In a light-hearted sentence or two it reveals a trait, in a terse paragraph it presents a scene, in a sympathetic phrase it describes a people.

"Why, gentlemen," said John B. Bellamy, of Kansas City, and this volume, speaking of Cornwall, "every breath of air is worth dollars, your skies are worth dollars, your seas are worth dollars, all your old piskies and saints and giants are worth dollars." And then he mentioned the greatest charm of all—to an American—"you *can't* work in this country . . . there's something in the air, you just don't want to work, and don't care if the whole durned sub-lunary universe tumbles into space." John B. Bellamy was attracted by that quality which he had never met in air before. It was a quality which the author, and his friend Guy, and the Bookworm seemed to need, and they travelled westward one August day into this land of a lost language and a drowned peninsula, a land where few statues are erected but where good men are remembered in legend and tale; and the three friends felt the "something in the air" the very first day after their arrival, when they set out to "do" Penzance. In spite of this languorous quality, however, they gained a new energy, one which enabled them to enjoy and to observe, and to criticise, to find the dwelling-place of Dolly Pentreath, and the spot where Lyonesse lies under the sea (though they failed to hear the chimes from the hundred and forty submerged church towers), to enquire for wreckers, and wander about those villages on the edge of the sea where "a street is an accident," and those less frequented mining districts where the broom bundle hangs as a sign of misfortune and desolation.

As well as we can judge, Mr. Harris and his friends found the men and women of the duchy just about as good and bad as they are in most lands outside Arcady, only they are good and bad, perhaps, rather differently. The Cornish men and women they met were stupid and clever in a very average way, though perhaps, they seemed to reach the usual standards by less usual methods and revealed it more unexpectedly. In his really kindly manner the author shows much sound philosophy, much good sense, good feeling, sympathy and generosity. And as for the ridicule—! Let us rather have the man who flicks at our weaknesses than the man with tears in his voice, who makes us conscious of our unconsciousness and turns nature into the semblance of a pose. Other lands with a dialect have so suffered from the sentimentalist that their self-respecting natives have become fiercely resentful, and the other kind have become *poseurs*. A few words wisely said are all right, but a self-respecting land, as a self-respecting child, may plead: "Do not make us look idiots." If the man of dialect is to be considered a semi-barbarian, in kindness let him be left with his barbaric attractions; let him not be dragged out and made to perform tricks at Earl's Court. Mr. Harris is of this mind, but as we read we suspect—we suspect that he knew something of Cornwall before he travelled westward that August day. The name—well, there was "Harris of Haynes by the river," and many another Harris of Cornish blood; in which case it is easy to understand his commendable avoidance of "high falutin'."

LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.

* "Cornish Saints and Sinners." By J. Henry Harris. Drawings by L. Raven Hill. 6s. (John Lane.)

FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW.*

We are disposed to think it was an error in judgment for Mr. Benson, in reprinting these essays, to put his name to them. In the first place, it inclines the reader to doubt whether the book can be as frank and sincere as the author would have him think: for, if it were so, our faith would be shaken in the good sense of a critic of life who could commit so many indiscretions. The "worthy country gentleman," with whom the essayist once stayed, who bored him in the evenings by reading the manuscript of a novel, the naïve and simple friend, who praised his own conversation in terms which are exactly reported, the "distinguished and very charming lady," who invited the essayist to practise the simple life for three days in her cottage *ornée*, and is described by him as "not exactly an intellectual woman," relapse inevitably from human beings into lay figures as soon as Mr. Benson throws aside his anonymity. And not only do the essays lose in frankness by the change, but somehow the key in which they were originally written is transposed, and as a consequence passages which were in good taste and hurt no susceptibilities when spoken by the abstract University Don, become a little irritating when addressed to his fellow mortals by Mr. Benson. Further, we find annoying the not infrequent criticism of "distinguished prelates" and "great ecclesiastics"; the son of an archbishop, who knows the secrets of the prison house, is disqualified from speaking in public on such topics, as also from making the usual fun of curates. A second fault we must find with the book is that it is too little academic for its title. It flows along a little too easily. That diary-writing which the essayist recommends to all literary aspirants as a means of securing fluency, seems to have been almost too effectual in his own case. This is most noticeable in the half-dozen essays which were not contributed to *Cornhill*, and may mean only that they were supplied at short notice to make up the volume. Then the quotations are often just a little inaccurate. Dr. Johnson did not say—he would never have said about a trifle—"Would to God, that it were impossible," but merely "I would it were impossible"; nor did he say he loved "to *stretch* his legs and have his talk out," but "to *fold*" them. Milton called ambition "that last infirmity of noble *mind*," not "*minds*." Bunyan spoke of "the young woman, *her* name was Dull." These, and there are others, are but slight misquotations, but they spoil the academic flavour, and combined with the tendency to preach, they suggest that their writer is not seeing the world "from a college window," but from some country parsonage. And we must add, that while strongly sympathising with the moral lessons enforced, we could wish the theology a little more worthy of the University from which it comes. The theory of sacrifice, for example, propounded in the final essay, is at least twenty years out of date.

But leaving these strictures, it is right to recognise that many of the essays contain excellent writing, which it is a

* "From a College Window." By A. C. Benson. (Smith and Elder.)

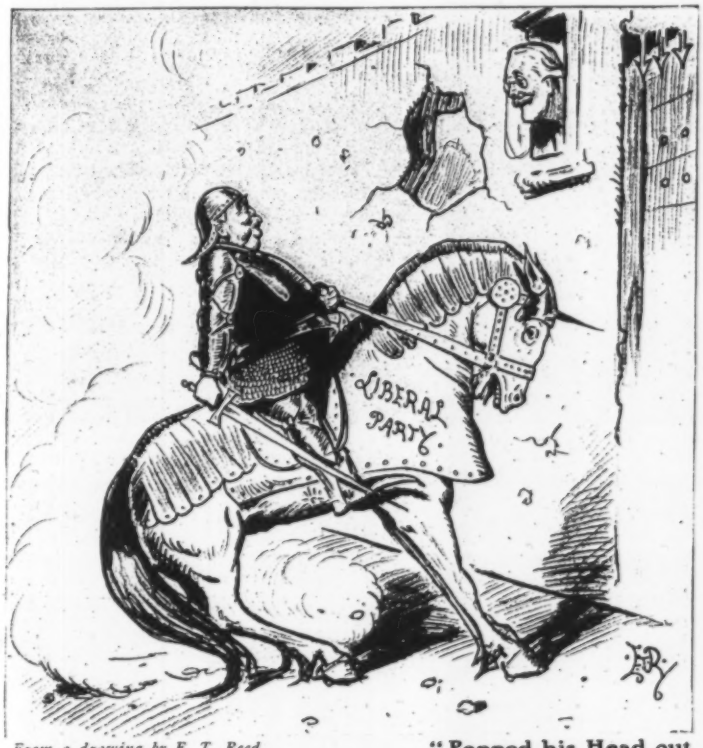
pleasure to read. The first is capital, so is the third, which from its veiled reference to the Pepys MSS. revealed to many readers the particular college from which the essayist was writing. The essay on Beauty is, as it should be, itself beautiful in expression. The theory of Conversation, on the other hand, seems to us one of those topics which, like the qualities which make a gentleman, should be entered on the list of *tacenda*. The essay on Art, perhaps most strikingly of all, shows Mr. Benson in his mingled strength and weakness. Here is a very characteristic passage:

"A thought, a scene of beauty comes home with an irresistible sense of power and meaning to the mind or eye; for God to have devised the pale liquid green of the enamelled evening sky, to have set the dark forms of trees against it, and to have hung a star in the thickening gloom—to have done this, and to see that it is good, seems in certain moods to be the dearest work of the divine mind; and the desire to express it, to speak simply of this sight, and of the joy that it arouses, comes upon the mind with a sweet agony, an irresistible spell; life would seem to have been well spent if one had only caught a few such imperishable ecstasies, and written them down in a record that might convey the same joy to others. But behind this rises the deeper conviction that this is not the end; that there are deeper and sweeter secrets in the heavenly treasure house; and then comes in the shadow of a fear that in yielding thus delightedly to these imperative joys, one is blinding the inner eye to the perception of the remoter and more divine truth. And then at last comes the conviction, in which it is possible alike to rest and to labour, that it is right to devote one's time and energy to presenting these rich emotions as perfectly as they can be presented, so long as one keeps open the further avenues of the soul, and believes that art is but one of the ante-chambers through which one must take one's faithful way, before the doors of the Presence itself can be flung wide."

Everyone must admit that this passage is as masterly in analysis as in expression. But it is followed in the essay by two or three pages of talk about dukes and bagmen, to the effect that both classes alike contain true-hearted and conventional specimens, so commonplace and insipid, that one can hardly conceive of their coming with any freshness of revelation to a fifth standard boy in a Board School. It may be a result of Mr. Benson's habit of thinking for himself that he comes to reckon all his thoughts as of equal value. In that case he should provide himself with a secretary or a faithful friend, and submit his manuscripts to him; unflinchingly cutting out the most admirable sentiments, if they turn out to be the commonplaces of civilised society. Perhaps it would be a good working rule to cross the pen through every sentence that begins with "the truth is."

MR. LUCY'S DIARY.*

The present generation cannot have reached or passed middle life without acquiring the habit of turning for amusement and information to Mr. H. W. Lucy's weekly parliamentary sketches. As he reminds us in the preface to his diary of "The Balfourian Parliament, 1900-1905," he has missed only two sessions in thirty-one years; and during all that time the sparkling stream of chronicle, commentary and reminiscence has flowed on, fertilising the arid wilderness of debate and imparting human interest even to the cryptic ceremonies of Ways and Means. One cannot but envy the future historian the advantage he is bound to derive from the abundance of personal traits here illustrated, and from the vividness with which incidents in debate are reflected by this frank and indefatigable diarist, who prattles on without a trace of Creevey's rancour or Croker's prejudice. Moreover, the narrative gains greatly in point and vivacity from the thumb-nail portraiture by Mr. E. T. Reed and the late Phil May, borrowed from Dog Toby's lucubrations in the columns of *Punch*. Most people must be aware that Dog Toby and Mr. H. W. Lucy are one and the same. We should be unwilling to interpret literally the author's observation that "the Dissolution of 1906 seems a fitting opportunity for adding *Finis* to the multitudinous notes of things seen and heard," and to believe that this, the sixth, volume of a diary dating back to 1874 is intended to close the series. We trust that for many a year to come Mr. Lucy will continue to delight us with his inimitable chronicle. He is without a rival in his peculiar style, and there cannot be many writers who have at command such a varied store of incident, literary allusion and historic parallel to illustrate passing events withal. To find an example of this, one has only to open the volume literally at random, Here, for instance, is Mr. Lucy's report of a discussion upon one of Ireland's many wrongs. The length of the extract perhaps may be condoned as affording a good illustration of the author's knack in weaving a tedious wrangle into humorous literature.



From a drawing by E. T. Reed.

"Popped his Head out of the Portal."

(Reproduced from "The Balfourian Parliament, 1900-1905.")

"One charge of criminal clemency brought against the Chief Secretary related to the proceedings at an ordinary meeting of a Board of Guardians in the neighbourhood of Tyrone. Mr. Macartney told his tale with the straightforwardness of Defoe, the literary simplicity of Sterne. As throwing light on life in Ireland, there is nothing approaching it in 'Handy Andy' or 'Harry Lorrequer.' It appears that a Mr. Quin is in the habit of attending the weekly meetings of the Board of Guardians in order to report their proceedings for a waiting world. All on a day, one of the Guardians giving voice to sentiments Mr. Quin could not approve, that gentleman spat in his face. This commentary being remarked upon by others, Mr. Quin, intermitting his journalistic work, went round with a ruler which he administered severely to four of the Guardians. So irresistible was his passage round the Board, that he would in a very few minutes have swept it clean and been able to sit down quietly and report the proceedings for his journal. Unfortunately for Mr. Quin, unhappily as it turned out for Mr. George Wyndham, the Dispensing Doctor happened to come across his path. Had Mr. Quin skirted him and gone on with the Guardians, all would have been well. But, as history testifies, on many occasions a turn to the right or left, at what seems an unimportant crisis, is full of fate. If Napoleon had not invaded Spain, he might have died at the Tuileries, the King of Rome succeeding him on the Imperial throne. He launched his armies on Madrid, a step that proved the beginning of the end. So Mr. Quin closed with the Dispensing Doctor. He was overcome. The craven Guardians, lately looking for hats and coats, flung themselves on his prostrate body. He was carried forth, and the business of the sitting resumed.

"So far, events seem to have been in accordance with ordinary

*"The Balfourian Parliament, 1900-1905." By Henry W. Lucy. Illustrated by E. T. Reed and Phil May. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

usage at meetings of Boards of Guardians in Ireland. What followed was responsible for a considerable portion of a sitting in the House of Commons, in a session of urgency, being appropriated for discussion of the affair. Appeal being made to the police magistrate, Mr. Quin was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months towards His Majesty's subjects in general—the Guardians of the Poor in particular. From this appalling prospect Mr. Quin literally shrank. He declined to enter into recognisances, and, with the assistance of a sympathetic population, evaded the police."

For the remaining vicissitudes in Mr. Quin's troubled career, readers are referred to Mr. Lucy's narrative. It will repay perusal and assist them to some share in that felicity which the possession of an exquisite sense of humour must bestow upon the author. Nor does it hinder him from striking a graver note when occasion arrives. Such an occasion there was when King Edward VII. notified to both Houses of Parliament his accession to the Throne. Mr. Lucy's memory serves him to enhance the contrast in the proceedings with those of a former ceremony.

"Fifteen years ago last Monday, Queen Victoria made what proved to be her last appearance on the Throne in the House of Lords. . . . The Chamber was flooded with light and colour. Peers wore their scarlet robes . . . representatives of foreign Powers, strange orders glittering on their uniforms, sat on the front bench in the Bishops' quarter. The Opposition side, sparsely peopled even on nights of pitched battle, was thronged with ladies in evening dress. The side galleries were filled by Peeresses. The plainest dressed lady in the brilliant throng was the first lady in the land—a speck of black in the high-canopied Throne. . . . The contrast between the scene on January 21, 1886, and that presented to-night, was chiefly due to the ladies. . . . There was something almost ghastly in the effect wrought by this unrelieved border of crape strung round the Chamber. . . . This gloomy spectacle of black-robed dames, for once silent as the grave their dress recalled, was the most effective reminder yet presented of the great grief that has this week gripped the Empire."

Mr. Lucy traces in this volume the course of Parliament through six eventful years. The rift in the Unionist ranks upon the Fiscal question naturally occupies a good deal of attention, and perhaps tempts the author, in his dread of a return to Protection, to be a little less than just to Mr. Chamberlain.

"It is a pretty pass for a prosperous party to be suddenly brought to—a strange irony of fate that the hand that sets the heather afire should be the same that destroyed another party for which in former days it worked."

The analogy between the rupture of the Liberal party in 1886 and the Unionist party in 1903-6 may be fairly complete; but it is scarcely fair to saddle Mr. Chamberlain with the responsibility in both cases. In the first instance, he was the prime agent in dissent from his leader's forward policy; in the second, he persuaded the Unionist party as a whole to embrace a forward policy from which a small minority of the party have dissented.

But this is only by the way. A principal charm in Mr. Lucy's lively pages is the impartiality with which he treats of men and measures. Gentlest of satirists, he never shrinks from planting a thrust where he perceives it to be due. He is never dull, never vulgar, and never ill-natured; which is more than may be said of some of his fellow-craftsmen.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

ENGLISH RATIONALISM.*

In structure and contents this book may be compared with Leslie Stephen's "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," rather than with Lecky's "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe." It covers almost as wide a field. Science and philosophy, literary criticism, and even pure literature come within its scope; and intellectual movements are brought into connexion with social and political changes. But it has a more restricted purpose: it is limited to Rationalism, and to Rationalism in a somewhat special sense. This gives unity to the work, and adds to its impressiveness; but both the unity and the impressiveness are largely due to a controversial interest, by which every sentence is dominated.

"Rationalism" is a word of many meanings; but the author has a clear view for his own usage of it. Literally, it "might be defined as the method and doctrine of those who strive to make reason the supreme regulator of their beliefs." But "common usage would not tolerate such an interpretation for a single moment." Rationalism is a method of dealing, not with any beliefs, but with religious beliefs in particular. In this field the application of reason has been frequently denied, or admitted only in some qualified sense. Rationalism begins with the thorough-going application of reason to these beliefs "with a view to their partial or complete verification." But this is only its beginning. The term implies a result as well as a method: "Rationalism is the mental habit of using reason for the destruction of religious belief." In this "sweeping sense" it is regarded as hostile even to the "cosmic emotion" of Clifford, or to the "religion of some unspecified kind" postulated by Mr. Morley (II. 387). No definition of religion itself is attempted by the author; but it is said to have become identified with "supernatural beliefs" (I. 6). And this view is adhered to on the whole. Clifford, however, if anyone, had "the wish and intention" to destroy which marks the rationalist (I. 5); and for him "supernaturalism" was the enemy to be destroyed; yet he had recourse to cosmic emotion, and this is held to prove him to have been not "advanced" enough as a "rationalist." It would seem from this as if Rationalism, in the full sense, implied destructive criticism, not merely of "supernaturalist beliefs," but also of that mental attitude called religion, which has commonly been connected with such beliefs. And, if this is so, it would seem doubtful whether supernaturalism is the citadel which the rationalist strives to demolish, or only one of the outworks.

Just here, perhaps, there is a lack of complete clearness on the author's part—or perhaps I have not fully understood him. The term "Rationalism" is not often used with quite so wide a sweep as that which he tends to give it; but it is in common use as descriptive of a school of writers whose activity was most marked in the eighteenth century. With this school and their methods Mr. Benn is in sympathy. In particular he defends the negative criticism which distinguishes their work, and the value of which, he thinks, has been underestimated, and is apt to be overlooked by the devotion to the historical method which grew up in the nineteenth century. But this is not the only point which characterised the "rationalists" of that period. Not only was their criticism prevailingly negative; it was specially directed against "supernaturalism." It proceeded on the assumption that the "natural" and the "supernatural" could be easily and clearly distinguished, and that "rationalists" might demolish the one without troubling themselves about the other. The same seems to be the first position in Mr. Benn's rationalism. But as his work proceeds we find theories arising and calling for review which somehow seem to elude the distinction which appeared so absolute and so easy. Pantheistic doctrines, generally, exhibit a fusion of the factors assumed to be distinct; many modern expositors of theism have a similar tendency. What will be the use of Rationalism then if it destroys the "supernatural," and leaves the divine in nature? This, too, must be swept away—even to the last shadow it may cast, such as Clifford's cosmic emotion. Only so will reason have accomplished its task of limiting the horizon of thought.

To this result the development, as traced by Mr. Benn, seems to point—though he does not affirm it in the concluding pages of his book. But this tendency is met by a question which has occupied the attention of many recent thinkers. Can the line be drawn so as to exclude everything but "natural" knowledge, and yet leave that knowledge of nature intact? The subtlest thinker of the eighteenth century did not profess that science could escape untouched by his scepticism. Is the agnosticism of the nineteenth century more successful? The thinkers who have brought this question to the front are not altogether overlooked by the author. But the question itself might have received more adequate treatment, if he had not been influenced by his purely destructive interpretation of the nature and function of Rationalism.

With the method of reason are contrasted the methods of faith. And the author distinguishes four sources of religious belief: traditionalism, mysticism, scepticism, and ophelism—the last term being coined by himself for any acceptance of a doctrine on the ground of its practical value. These four grounds of belief may be found in different com-

* "The History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century." By Alfred William Benn. In two volumes. Pp. xxviii., 450; xii., 533. 21s. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

binations, so that they cannot serve as a classification of schools of thought, determining the course of the historical exposition. But their characteristics are discussed in the introductory chapter, and there are frequent references to them throughout the work. On the whole traditionalism is that which is most completely dealt with, as it is the best systematised of the four. On the other hand, although there is much interesting matter on mysticism and its influence on religious movements, its treatment seems hardly adequate. For "mysticism," as used here, should include all the facts of the religious consciousness; and their importance is not lessened by the fact that they do not lend themselves easily to precise statement.

Almost a quarter of Mr. Benn's work is devoted to the history of Rationalism prior to the nineteenth century. And these introductory chapters are not out of place in a book which deals with the nineteenth century itself on so elaborate a scale. Throughout the whole period the instruments used for the disintegration of religious belief would seem to have been chiefly three: Biblical criticism, natural science, and philosophy.

Of the progress of Biblical criticism, from its beginnings in the seventeenth century, a most interesting account is given. Without going into much technical detail, the author makes plain to the reader the salient points of the critical method and its results. He shows that it concerns the Roman Church as much as, if not more than, the Protestant. And his story brings out how rapidly and completely the ordinary attitude to it has been changed in England in the course of a generation. Those who can remember the views commonly held—say in 1876, when the Robertson Smith "case" first began to be talked about—and will compare them with the views expressed in similar quarters to-day, will be inclined to recognise that they have seen a revolution in theological opinion. From the beginning it was apparent that the results of Biblical criticism would not be without doctrinal implications. At one period only does this seem to have been denied. The point hardly falls within the scope of Mr. Benn's book (which is limited to England); and it is not mentioned there. But the watchword of "doctrinal orthodoxy, critical freedom," was for a time maintained by the defenders of Robertson Smith; and probably it had some effect, in England as well as in Scotland, in facilitating the acceptance of critical results. Perhaps the watchword is still maintained by those who put it forward; but it has not prevented a gradual modification of doctrine from following upon the changed views regarding the history and composition of the Bible. And the shifting of the centre of interest from Old to New Testament criticism has made this modification inevitable. Earlier writers of a critical tendency have full justice done them by Mr. Benn, who discusses in some detail the controversies raised by Colenso, and by the "Essays and Reviews." Of the latter he says that "its appearance is perhaps the most important single event in the history of the Church of England during the last two hundred years, and certainly the most important in the history of English rationalism during the nineteenth century."

The bearing of natural science on the same controversy may be summed up in the two words—geology and Darwinism. The controversy about geology has been almost forgotten; and the geologists remain masters of the field. That concerning Darwinism has had many phases, and is still with us. But the controversy now concerns less the Darwinian theory itself than the philosophical doctrines which have been connected with it, and which have made it subservient to Naturalism. The story of these controversies, as told by Mr. Benn, is full and interesting. He has also been successful in giving an account of the bearing of philosophical theories which is intelligible to readers who may have little special training in the subject. Many of his conclusions are, of course, highly disputable, but they are argued with fairness and clearness. Reference may be made to his treatment of Spencer as particularly fresh and suggestive.

The author frequently draws attention to the boldness with which views are expressed to-day which fifty, or even forty years ago, would be barely hinted at. And the credit for this spread of toleration may be ascribed, he thinks, to the influence of rationalism. Whoever may have the credit of introducing it, we may hope that toleration has come to stay. But Mr. Benn will make no promises to bind him in the day of his power. Religious beliefs unite men into "powerful corporations." "Confronted by such opponents, those to whom the extension of knowledge and freedom is the highest interest, will also band themselves together, in France as the Republic, in Germany as the Modern State, in England as the Liberal Party, with a tendency everywhere to substitute force, more or less veiled, for free discussion. Nor in the interests of freedom itself can we say that they are wrong. The question has not yet been decided." This is a notable warning. The "saints of rationalism," it would seem, may use sharper weapons than those of reason for the propagation of their faith. Other saints have done the same. Yet one difference should be borne in mind. The Church has been guilty of many acts of persecution; but at least it never stooped to the hypocrisy of persecuting in the name of "freedom." That is reserved for the "Liberal Party."

W. R. SORLEY.

AN AMAZING EPIC.*

This is an extraordinary, and in one sense almost a tragic book. It is remarkable that in this day of small things an author should have sat down deliberately to write an epic poem relating to pre-historic times in this Island, and that, instead of writing it in a language which should be understanded of his readers, he should, apparently with equal deliberation, have chosen as his medium of expression a strange, uncouth jargon which must have the effect of repelling even those who begin to read it with the best will in the world. It is impossible to say that Mr. Doughty is not a poet. Here and there, like gleams of sunshine from a stormy sky, there are passages of real poetry, but they are few, and to search for them is difficult.

Charles Montague Doughty.
Author of "The Dawn in Britain."
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Duckworth and Co.)

Mr. Doughty deals with words as one might imagine a barbarous drill-sergeant dealing with a mass of raw recruits. He bullies them; he cuffs them; he batters them; in his rage he lops off here a hand and there an ear, and there again a foot or two, until finally, by the exercise of a huge volcanic energy, he has managed to range them in line behind one another. Then he finds that however vigorously he may issue his orders, little movement is possible for his mal-treated regiment. Here is a passage from page 5 of the first volume—we reproduce the reckless punctuation of the original:—

"And lo, the sacred heifers, Samoth's wain,
Draw down, at morrow, to sea's barren strand.
In salt waves, then, descended, they begin,
Come to their withers, both forth stately swim.
In the vast desert tide: and their face set
Is, to dim-shining cliffs of yon white Isle.
Gaul's stand then all confused, on that wide shore.
Duke Samoth, leapt down from the sacred wain,

* "The Dawn in Britain." By Chas. M. Doughty. 2 Vols. 4s. 6d. each. (Duckworth and Co.)

Mrs. Montagu.
From a painting by Frances Reynolds.
(Reproduced from the photogravure frontispiece of "Elizabeth Montagu," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

Him many, through strange billows, bear to land.
Dripping salt humour, he in view of all,
Sea's pebble banks ascends. Soon beckons then,
The duke, from cliff; and shout his word loud heralds,
That lodge they all, to-day, at these sea brinks."

and here is another from page 145:—

"The hero exults, thus hearing himself named.
On his unerring bow-string, he set shaft,
Fledged with a grey goose wing, from Noden's lake;
So drew up to his breast; and leapt death forth,
From humming nerve. Breathes the Umbrian Duke,
Lo, pierced,
With silent throes, erst, forth in the brown brake,
His ghost. Then loost the hero shaft on shaft,
Nor arrow vainly shot; in baneful juice,
Of forest root, is every fork-head tincted;
Which had a god revealed to him, in vision.
So fast, he shot, that seemeth his foes, at once,
Lie on the ground, without voice, without life.
And Cusmon's quiver now is well-nigh emptied."

and, finally, here is a third passage from page 4 of the second volume:—

"Now seeing is come of one, or other, nation,
The fine; not few, which sick, among the Gauls,
Or hurt, or weary of unhopeful lives,
Vow them, with dire rites, to infernal gods;
For safety of their friends. To-day, those then,
These call, as were to their own funerals;
And take of them farewell! Hath any a debt,
He cannot solve, he it promiseth, truly, pay,
In that New Life. Those drink, to their Hell-voyage."

Now we ask what are likely to be the feelings of any reader, we do not say of any ordinary reader, but of any well-intentioned and cultivated reader, who comes upon such passages as these—passages, we may add, which are perfectly fair samples of the great bulk of the book? He will be dismayed and repelled, and will throw the book down, refusing to proceed any further with its reading. He will admit, that in treating what may be called an archaic subject, Mr. Doughty was perhaps entitled to cast his thoughts into a more or less archaic mould. But he will ask, with some justice, what reason there was, either in the nature of things, or in the purpose of the book, which could compel Mr. Doughty to this violent excess of archaism, to this spasmodic arrangement of truncated phrases with all their baldness of expression and strenuous inversion of order. Mr. Doughty may reply that he wrote for his own pleasure, but the answer is insufficient. It is possible to conceive that a man might take pleasure in writing a thousand lines entirely composed of the monosyable "Ba," but if he did write them down, he would presumably keep them to himself and not proceed to secure a publisher for them, and to appeal to the reading public as to their poetical merit. Mr. Doughty's method compels us to accuse him not merely of archaism, but of preciosity and affectation more perilous than archaism.

Benjamin Stillingfleet.
(Reproduced from "Elizabeth Montagu," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

We have no wish to be unjust to Mr. Doughty. We freely recognise that he has gifts of imagination and descriptive power in no ordinary degree. Here, for instance, is a passage of very pure poetic quality (page 140 of the first volume):—

"Agygia rose;
And in her divine arms, lay Crispin's child.
She went up, dryfoot, from her father's lake;
And, bearing him, turns to her river's bed;
So, to that funeral mound, came, in the plain;
Whereon each dainty flower behold, which decks
The pleasant field of Italy-the-Fair;
Already grown, (which gracious hands have set,
Of sister nymphs), sweet myrtle bush is there,
Men used to plant in reverence of the dead;
With sacred asphodel and the wind-flower,
And breathing cyclamen, which Crispin loved.
She hears there singing, in nigh poplar grove,
With heavenly note, the swooning nightingale,
Crispin, Jug-jug-occhy-occhy, Agygia!
Somewhile that tomb then she beheld, and wept."

These are beautiful lines, and the two or three pages that succeed them are of a simpler and finer texture than anything else we have found in the book. The strain does not, it is true, last long, for upon pages 144 and 147 we come upon these lines:—

"Her father, king, rode, yester, to green woods;
The flying hart to hunt. Umbrians them there,
Surprised. Fell fighting, without fence of harness,
Or shields, then round him all King Gorlag's lords."

and

"But bruited being that tiding soon abroad,
Mongst Gauls; arrive, before the hero's lodge,
Of Cavaril's kingdom, bowing down their heads,
Three lords, in the dim glade: which thrice besought
Verica, as from her brother, to revert,
And dwell with divine Cusmon, at his Court."

Altogether, we repeat it, this is an amazing and almost a tragic book. R. C. LEHMANN.

MRS. MONTAGU'S LETTERS.*

With unintentional humour the editor of these sumptuous volumes has described them on the title-page as Mrs. Montagu's "correspondence from 1720 to 1761." As the former year was that of her birth, we cannot, in the absence of documentary evidence, admit so remarkable a precocity. But of a woman who left so "vast" a correspondence that, if printed, "a large bookcase could be filled with the volumes," we cannot rashly dismiss the feat as an impossibility. No one has a better right than Mrs. Montagu to the distinction of being a born letter writer. Her achievements in this direction have given much pride to her descendants, but it would appear that they have not inherited the honour easily. Her nephew and adopted son, the fourth Baron Rokeby, published (1810-1813) four volumes of her letters. "He nearly blinded himself working at night," and his wife "had constantly to copy the letters in a large round hand to enable him to make them out." And now Mrs. Climenson has bravely essayed the pious task. She is the granddaughter of Lord Rokeby, and the great-great-niece of Mrs. Montagu. What Mrs. Climenson has endured is best told in her own words. "The compilation of this work has occupied me five years. One whole winter was devoted to arranging the correspondence in chronological order, as very few of the letters are dated." Mrs. Montagu neither burned nor dated any letters. But there is no limit to Mrs. Climenson's piety. "If life and eyesight are vouchsafed to me, I hope to write the remainder of her life some day, for she lived till 1800. Every year added to her enormous circle of clever acquaintances, British and Foreign." We cannot too highly applaud Mrs. Climenson's determination, and we could have sympathised with her if she had relieved herself by a eulogy of the pictorial post-card.

Besides the dates within which the correspondence falls, there is one statement on the title-page to which we must demur—the sub-title, "The Queen of the Blue Stockings." The legality of the title we do not for a moment dispute, but our point is that it is not fairly applicable to the portion of Mrs. Montagu's life revealed in these volumes. In vol. 2, p. 98, we have the first mention of the phrase, but it was not until nearly twenty years after the correspondence included in these volumes that Mrs. Montagu really ascended her throne. The present work tells us much that is interesting of Elizabeth Robinson and of Mrs. Montagu, but nothing of the Queen of the Blue Stockings. These volumes are thus only introductory, and as an introduction they will appear to some a little too voluminous. That opinion we do not hold for a reason that will not probably commend itself to their editor. For we confess to the heresy of admiring Elizabeth Robinson (well nicknamed "Fidget.") much more than Mrs. Montagu or "The Queen of the Blue Stockings." Mrs. Climenson's first volume is a delightful record of a brilliant and high-spirited girl. When Mr. Montagu enters the story, walking on stilts, our interest begins to wane. When "Fidget" became a matron, her humour suffered eclipse; when, later, she became a "Queen," it is often hard work to refrain from winking or yawning in the royal presence. The case of "Fidget" is not unlike that of Johnson's "Fannikin." The first volume of Miss Burney's Diary and the first of Mrs. Montagu's Letters are worth all the rest. In both cases matrimony proved ruinous to a sense of humour and a sense of style.

Elizabeth Carter.

From a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

(Reproduced from "A Woman of Wit and Wisdom," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

We regret that Mrs. Climenson has not simply given us the letters *in extenso*. To edit them and weave them into a narrative was an impossible task already attempted by Lord Rokeby and Dr. Doran. Their only—and very real—value is as the "raw material" for the social historian and the poet. They are full of valuable historical sidelights, and the successors of Mr. Dobson will steal from them many little bits of local colour with which to give that pleasing air

"Tea and Coffee in the Bath Room."

(Reproduced from "Elizabeth Montagu," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

* "Elizabeth Montagu: The Queen of the Blue-Stockings. Her Correspondence from 1720-1761." Edited by Emily J. Climenson. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Murray.)

of verisimilitude to their eighteenth-century idylls. Mrs. Climenson's narrative links are too much in the manner of the guide. One letter we are told in advance is "splendid"; at another time we are given but an extract from a letter of Burke's, and are assured that the rest was "unimportant." But we should all prefer a postscript of Burke's in his most unimportant manner to many sheets of "epistolary correspondence" between the Queen and her blue-stockinged subjects.

Mrs. Montagu has been equally honoured at the hands of her latest editor and publisher. Mrs. Climenson's enthusiasm we cannot share any more than we can always approve her discretion. But her disinterested zeal commands respect, and we hope she will realise her ambition of making public the great store of interesting documents in her possession. We congratulate the publisher of the work. In respect of binding, printing, superb illustration, the volumes are a credit even to the house of Murray. RANGER.

FONTENOY.*

The period which Mr. Skrine has chosen to write about is certainly not one which much redounds to the military credit of England. The fighting capacity of the men was good, but the majority of the regimental officers were deficient in training, the higher leaders totally without professional knowledge, and usually engaged, as the author justly says, in leading "our armies to disaster, chequered by gleams of glory." It was a time in which the fine old English principle was in full swing, the principle which threw the onus of fighting the country's battles not on her own sons but largely on hired mercenaries. Corruption was rampant in the civil government, and nepotism of the most unblushing kind appointed by far the larger proportion of the officers of the army. Yet the epoch was not without its redeeming features. We had no "Corporal John" to lead our men, but the material which made our armies was brave, well-disciplined, and enduring; if somewhat rough and brutal, the British infantry could always be relied on to fight right gallantly, and their conduct at Fontenoy has ever been the admiration of military critics.

It is this battle which forms the kernel of Mr. Skrine's work, and he has certainly put together the clearest and most readable account of it, which has yet been published in England. Incidentally, it may be recommended to Irishmen who take their notions about the battle from Thomas Davis' poem. It was, perhaps, undesirable that Mr. Skrine should have attempted within the limits he set himself, to deal with other portions of the history of the time, but he was probably in this dilemma; the Fontenoy campaign did not afford sufficient material for a book, while if the remainder of the work had been composed on the same scale, several volumes would have been required to deal with all the subjects included in it.

The reader will find crowded into eighty-nine pages an account of the Scotch Rising, the surrender of Ostend, the withdrawal of the troops from Flanders, the end of the '45 rebellion, the battles of Rocoux and Laffeldt, Anson's victory off Finisterre, and the fighting in India which terminated in the capture of Madras. Forty pages are given to the capture of Bergen-op-Zoom by the French, Hawke's battle off Finisterre, Boscawen's Indian Expedition, and the Aix-la-Chapelle peace negotiations, thirteen pages to the life-ends of the principal actors in the historical drama. The result is the subjects, other than Fontenoy and its immediate surroundings, are quite inadequately dealt with, and whereas in the latter case we have an illuminating narrative, in the former Mr. Skrine's writing cannot be regarded as being of any great utility to the serious student, though the lightly drawn sketches of important events, interspersed with anecdotes of those concerned in them, will be of interest to the general reader.

The second chapter deals with the French and English armies and their leaders during the wars which took their origin from the Pragmatic Sanction. This is a valuable contribution to the military history of the time. Rightly the Author regards the French infantry as the backbone of the army, and the Guards as the best among the good. The French Guards were jealous when the Swiss Guards first were raised in 1616, yet it must be admitted that their conduct in every war up to the time of their destruction in the Revolution fully justified the honour conferred on them. Fifty-seven of the two hundred and twenty-three battalions which formed the French infantry were foreigners, and nothing better exemplifies the then political state of Europe than the fact that eighteen battalions were German. Germany was at this time a geographical expression (indeed it was hardly that), and while German adventurers gave their services where they pleased, German monarchs, like the Landgraf of Hesse, sold their troops to the highest bidder, or, as in the case of another potentate, exchanged a regiment of horse for a porcelain service! The Irish Brigade was recruited principally from Irish Catholics forbidden to serve their own country by cruel and foolish laws, while the Scots battalion was, to a certain extent, the embodiment of the traditional alliance between France and Scotland. Raised in 1744 by Lord John Drummond it was, like the Irish force, largely the product of political discontent. All the foreign regiments were well-disciplined and of great fighting capacity, as their records conclusively show.

The French cavalry was an excellent arm, the Maison du Roi and the Gendarmerie being models of household troops. Among the cavalry of the line the Royal Carabiniers were distinguished by their discipline and training, and by carrying a rifled carbine. The artillery was constructed on the cumbrous system of La Valliere, and was not very efficient because lacking in mobility. It is, of course, true that Frederick the Great invented horse artillery, but he was not the founder of modern field artillery, as Mr. Skrine suggests, and this arm in his days was not much better than the French, the reason being that all guns were driven by civilian drivers, who habitually (as was very natural) abandoned their weapons when the fighting became serious. Military drivers were not introduced for field guns till the wars of the French Revolution. English authorities have not been guilty of many great military improvements, but it must certainly be admitted that during the Peninsula War they brought our field artillery to such a pitch of perfection as to make it the admiration of all Europe.

It is rather hard to describe the battles "fought by Marshal Saxe and his school" as "outpost affairs, and governed by no pre-arranged design." Surely the description of Rocoux given at page 311 *et seq.*, and of Laffeldt, page 329, contradict this statement. Moreover, an affair of outposts, *i.e.*, between camp or position guards pushed forward to protect the main body, can by no stretch of the imagination be called a battle, a word which should be limited in its use, as it usually is, to a hard-fought struggle between two armies. Certainly the two encounters first named were of this nature; at the one the casualities were over 8,000, at the other over 14,000, and Fontenoy was also a regular pitched battle.

The description of the British Army at the time of the outbreak of the war is worthy of study as exemplifying clearly the means which were then adopted to raise it, while the pernicious results which arise from fighting with luke-warm allies, when nothing could be done without consultation between the various leaders, and when, as a natural consequence, nothing was ever done, are plainly shown in the description of the operations in Flanders in 1744.

The Fontenoy campaign began when the Duke of Cumberland was put at the head of the Allied Army, Konigsegg commanding the Austrians, the Prince of Waldeck the Dutch. The frontier towns of Mons, Namur, Tournai, Ath and Charleroi were strongly garrisoned, and the Field Army of the Allies assembled on the southern outskirts of Brussels towards the end of April. It numbered, with reinforcements, which joined it just before the battle, some 34,000 infantry, with 13,000 cavalry and 80 guns. Opposed to it was the French Army under Marshal Saxe, who brought about 53,000 men to the Fontenoy position to stop Cumberland's endeavour to relieve Tournai. The siege of this town was begun by the French as the opening event of the campaign. The advance of the Allies from Brussels to Bruffoel (which was constituted their advanced depôt) had taken eleven days, and even when close to the French "the Army was doomed to linger for thirty-six hours more before offering battle—a respite which gave Saxe time to compass its defeat." The village of Fontenoy formed the key of the French position, their left

* "Fontenoy, and Great Britain's Share in the War of the Austrian Succession, 1741-48." By Francis Henry Skrine, F.S.S., F.R.Hist.S. With an Introduction by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts. 21s. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

rested on the Barri Wood, which was prepared for defence, their right being thrown back nearly at right angles towards the Scheldt, and secured there by the village of Antoing. Two redoubts were thrown up on the edge of the Barri Wood, three between Fontenoy and Antoing, and both these villages were carefully fortified. It was this elaborately strengthened position, held by a superior force, which the Allies proposed to attack frontally without adequate preparation. Not unnaturally they were badly beaten.

On the afternoon of the 10th May the army took up the line of battle from which it was to move to attack the French next morning, and now the first mistake was made. Cumberland refused to take the advice of Lord Crawford to clear the Barri Wood, thus securing the right of the army when it advanced to assault the French line between it and Fontenoy. When the battle took place, the cavalry under Ingoldsby failed to push home, as ordered, on the right of the English attack, our Allies on the left wing were unsuccessful on the movement against Fontenoy and Antoing, and thus the whole brunt of the fighting fell on Cumberland and his men. These, when led forward, had already been for five hours' exposed to a galling cannonade, and then it was resolved to push them in between the redoubt on the edge of the Barri Wood and Fontenoy, *i.e.*, the centre of the French position, while the Dutch, strengthened by two English battalions, were to renew their advance against the French right. Our allies failed again, though the Black Watch took Fontenoy with great bravery, and the 12th Foot, the other battalion sent to their aid, lost half its strength. All then hinged on the central attack, and this was carried out with the greatest bravery by the British and Hanoverian infantry. The movement was at first successful, and our troops penetrated 300 yards into the French line, literally shooting their way forward. But the situation was an impossible one, the attack was quite unsupported by the Dutch, and exposed to flank attacks of cavalry it was necessary to form the two lines into a hollow square. This was exposed to a severe artillery fire, to which our guns from the inside could not reply. Finally the Irish Brigade assailed the right flank, the French Guards the front, and other regiments the left, and slowly but surely the attacking force was driven back, conquered may be, but covered with a glory which has rarely been earned by victory. The cavalry protected the retreat, which was practically unmolested.

Photo Elliott & Fry.

Mr. F. M. Hueffer.

Of Cumberland's share in the disaster it is difficult to speak. His failure to clear the Barri Wood was a great tactical error, and if his personal courage served him well during the fight and enabled him to draw off his army, it is nevertheless true, that so far as the latter is concerned the General's mistakes led to a useless effusion of blood, for which his bravery was but a poor compensation.

There are a few mistakes in Mr. Skrine's book which might be noted for future correction. The "bawmen" of Colonel Russell, mentioned on page 112, are explained by the author to be "Baumen, villagers in the Allies' pay." An ingenious but quite erroneous interpretation. Bawmen were bâtmen, *bât* being a French word for a pack saddle, in old French *bast*. The bâtmen looked after the bât-horses, and were, and are still, practically grooms. The proper way of spelling *morale*, when the tone or spirit which animates an army is meant is *moral*. *Morale* means moral, and never has meant anything else. It is not a deficiency in morals which is attributed to the British Army on page 186, or to the Dutch contingent on page 212. A *point d'appui* means in French a supporting point or pivot, according to the context; at page 177 a point of support is obviously the rendering, *i.e.*, something on which the flank of the attack could rest and be secure.

WALTER H. JAMES.

THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY.*

Mr. Hueffer has made an interesting book out of curiously frank accumulation and arrangement of his rural impressions. He tells us that he has spent the greater number of his years in one part or another of the English country; that he has read "many works, returns, or pamphlets dealing with rural questions": and it is clear that he has approached the country in a greater variety of moods and with a greater variety of purposes than most men, or at least he has revealed them more abundantly. Whether he was born in the country we do not know; but his one permanent mood or frame of mind may perhaps not unjustly be called a townsman's on account of its restlessness, its curiosity, and its lack of the prejudices of a district or class. His first chapter, by the way, "The Country of the Townsman," is a very acute and spiritual expression of what the country means to those who, for infinitely different reasons, seek or desire the country as an entertainment or a refuge. And Mr. Hueffer, in his own person, imaginatively or in reality, seems to sum up all that modern men have felt about the country. Among the many glancing facets of these highly-charged and concentrated chapters, every one will find some which suggest himself. He has, we suppose, hunted and farmed and fished and driven and sauntered and toured; he has owned land and employed labourers; he has talked with landowners, farmers, parsons, shepherds, carriers, hop-pickers, ploughmen, tramps, and their wives; and he has haunted inns and fairs and sales. His country includes many different tracts of the south and middle of England, northward to Carlisle, but excluding most of Yorkshire. And his experience has left in his mind the most strangely different thoughts and pictures and dreams.

The result is a book, as he has desired to make it, of the same class and scope as "The Soul of London," that delicate epitome of emotion and fact. That, he says, was "a series of illustrations to a point of view"; this is "a series of illustrations to country moods," or "a rendering of a rural cosmogony." The last phrase is somewhat too big and suggestive of something harder and more orderly than we actually find. But there can be little doubt that, to make a book as intimate and comprehensive as this, we should have to combine parts of fully half a dozen books, and those the best that have been written about the country in recent years. To do that would not be easy, since writing and observation like Mr. Hueffer's have not been common: even were it done, the book would not be likely to have the same opalescent effect, or an equally subtle and fascinating mosaic of information, speculation, criticism, description, characterisation, and sentiment, so candid, so humorous, so pathetic. For his book has the two involved qualities of the best books. In the first place, here undoubtedly has a great deal of the

* "The Heart of the Country." A Survey of a Modern Land By Ford Madox Hueffer. 5s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

country, its fields and roads and houses and men and women, got on to paper in a pleasant and arresting manner, by means of much precise detail and ample atmosphere and reflection. In the second place, and almost invariably interwoven in a pleasant but not egotistic way with these things, here is the mind of an interesting contemporary, selecting, combining, saturating them, and, of course, explaining the omissions which might be expected in a book of only two hundred pages. And since this contemporary frankly touches, with a style which is full of experience and sympathy, upon the agricultural, social and psychological questions which naturally arise out of his subject, and since he is always fresh and sincere, and often surprising, his book makes a fine and wide appeal, which only his indifference to conventional estimates of the country and country things can frustrate.

EDWARD THOMAS.

The Bookman's Table.

TACITUS AND OTHER ROMAN STUDIES. 6s. net. (Constable.)

Mr. W. G. Hutchison has performed a very useful service for us in translating this work from the French original of Professor Gaston Boissier. These essays are well worthy of the high position which Professor Boissier holds, and of the reputation which he has already made by his previous publications. The study on Tacitus is as able a piece of scholarly writing as we can remember to have read for a long time. Under the four main headings: "How Tacitus became a historian," "The conception of history in Tacitus" "The judgment of Tacitus on the Cæsars," and "The political opinions of Tacitus," Professor Boissier has discussed every important aspect of the works of the greatest Roman historian. So many attempts have been made recently to whitewash even the most repulsive of the Roman Emperors, that it is a relief to find that the pendulum is again swinging back, and that Tacitus was not an embittered malcontent who damned indiscriminately every action of every Emperor in biting epigrams. The evidence, it seems to us, on which Professor Boissier bases his belief in Tacitus' credibility is overwhelming. Tacitus, as he points out, owed his rapid success as a statesman to direct imperial favour, and did not hesitate to acknowledge it at a time when it might perhaps have been to his interest to keep it dark. Tacitus again, in all probability, had access to certain private documents of the Emperors, and was at special pains on several occasions not to endorse some of the most malicious scandals current in his day, and apparently accepted without any qualms of his fellow writers. Professor Boissier also produces strong inductive testimony for the immediate success of Tacitus' writings—a success which they would scarcely have won from people well acquainted with the facts had they not been true—and when, therefore, Tacitus comes substantially to the same conclusions as Suetonius, Josephus, Dion Cassius, and even the mild younger Pliny, it is only reasonable to suppose that the history was essentially truthful. In addition to the study on Tacitus there are essays also on the Roman Journal, the Declamation Schools, and the poet Martial, all of which show equal scholarship and reasoning power. To give a historical survey of Roman life during the first century of the Empire was not, of course, Professor Boissier's primary intention, but all the essential facts are so well recorded and explained that the book has a historical importance almost as great as its literary merit. The work of translation has, on the whole, been adequately carried out by Mr. Hutchison, though at times he has been too slavishly faithful, and certain sentences carry far more of French than English idiom in them.

THE POPE OF HOLLAND HOUSE: Selections from the Correspondence of John Whishaw and his Friends, 1813-1840. Edited and Annotated by Lady Seymour. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. John Whishaw's name does not appear in the "Dictionary of National Biography," although its owner held the pontificate of Holland House during its most brilliant days. He got his title for the confidence with which he expressed his opinions when he did express them, but he seems to have owed much of his reputation to a discreet silence, and history in revenge has hitherto been discreetly silent about him. "Whishaw," said Sydney Smith, "is one of the most sensible men in England, and his opinions valuable if he will give them"; he was one, wrote Lady Holland (was she plagiarising the Dean?) "whose sense made his opinions valuable to have and also difficult to obtain," and with these august judgments one must be content. Unfortunately the correspondence of Mr. Whishaw, successful biographer of Mungo Park, painstaking auditor of public accounts and diner out, proves only the man's remarkable reticence. Of great names and great events his pages are full, but the illuminating phrase, the shrewd word are sadly to seek. His best thing, in the opinion of Mr. W. P. Courtney, who writes a "memoir" in Lady Seymour's volume, was the remark ("mentioned more than once in these letters") that "Bentham was a schoolman, born some ages too late." Possibly this may be "his sharpest estimate of character," but for an "opinion" could Jack Bunsby himself have beaten this? "I have read the greater part of 'Don Juan,' which is extremely licentious, but (very unfortunately, as I think), extremely clever." To which one is tempted to add the Bunsbeian conclusion: "Because, if so, why not?" Equally profound is Mr. Whishaw's reflection on Peterloo. "What terrible news from Manchester! It seems almost like the commencement of an Irish rebellion. How unfortunate that the yeomanry were called

Lord Holland. Dr. Allen. Lady Holland.

From a painting by Charles R. Leslie, R.A. **The Library at Holland House.**

(Reproduced from "The Pope of Holland House," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

upon to act in the first instance, instead of the regular troops." The letters of Whishaw's friends occasionally lift the book a little way above dulness. Lady Mackintosh gives an interesting glimpse of Napoleon on Elba, Lady Holland writes entertainingly from Rome, Sydney Smith makes at least one excellent caustic jest. But the Pope of Holland House must have reserved himself for conversation, which none of his contemporaries has thought worth preserving. It seems almost incredible that a man of his period and circle could reflect so little that was intimate in the life of his time. Yet so it is. Mr. Whishaw mentions everything and everybody, and tells us nothing. Mr. W. P. Courtney's "memoir" (Chap I.) is remarkable. It is written in the journalese of Mr. Whishaw's day.

LORD CURZON IN INDIA. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)

Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the policy which Lord Curzon pursued as Governor-General of India, there can be no shadow of doubt as to the almost superhuman energy with which he applied himself to the fulfilment of his responsibilities. To read through this volume is to read the record of a man who never spared himself, and insisted upon investigating personally the most minute details of apparently unimportant matters with as much zeal as he devoted to questions of supreme political importance. The book is a compilation of extracts from Lord Curzon's speeches, arranged under definite subject headings, and succeeds admirably in its object of providing a key to the problems of modern Indian Government as well as a synopsis of Lord Curzon's administration, while an introductory chapter by Sir Thomas Raleigh, who was Legal Member of the Governor-General's Council from 1899—1904, is of the utmost value in helping the reader to appreciate the various problems which Lord Curzon was called upon to solve. It was, of course, inevitable from the nature of the book, that the two topics about which one is most eager now to get full information—the partition of Bengal and the dispute over the military system—hardly find any place here, but of these subjects we shall no doubt have a full account some day from Lord Curzon's own pen. In the meantime that portion of the book which will arouse the most attention is the passages in which Lord Curzon enunciates his foreign and frontier policy. "The geographical position of India will more and more push her into the forefront of international politics. She will more and more become the strategical frontier of the British Empire." Such phrases as these may cause grave misgivings amongst certain schools of thinkers, but it must at least be remembered that when Lord Curzon deprecates any undue aggression he can always point to his frontier policy of withdrawing our regular troops from advanced position in tribal territory and policing the passes with native levies. Frankly, however, any criticism of this book, considered simply as a book, must be limited to saying that so far as the English in which Lord Curzon delivered his speeches, and the general interest of the topics selected from those speeches are concerned, they both combine to make this volume an exceedingly valuable contribution to our knowledge of Indian affairs. The opinions expressed in every page are quite another matter, with which we are not concerned here, and have no bearing upon the literary excellence of the volume.

From an engraving by Bromley, after Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Henry, Third Marquis of Lansdowne.

(Reproduced from "The Pope of Holland House," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

A HANDBOOK OF BRITISH INLAND BIRDS. By Anthony Collett. With Coloured and Outline Plates of Eggs. By Eric Parker. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Whether there is any need of another small guide to British birds, so long as Mr. Hudson's perfect one remains in print, is open to question, but Mr. Anthony Collett's has many merits and no serious fault. Sea and shore birds are excluded because they do not usually come under the notice of the beginner for any length of time: room has, nevertheless, been found for the dunlin, the dotterel, the widgeon, and a few more. The space thus gained is devoted to a closer account of the other birds than would have otherwise been possible, *i.e.*, an account about equal in length to that in Mr. Hudson's book. This space is well used. On the whole, the birds are sufficiently described, though not so minutely as in "British Birds," and with perhaps less attention to their food. The nests are treated as carefully and accurately as possible, the usual materials and situations being given along with a few oddities; and the eggs are unmistakably described in the text and in Mr. Eric Parker's coloured plates. The descriptions of songs could not easily be excelled by a writer who is uninspired, though it was unnecessary to use the word "peculiar" in any of them. The range and migrations and habits are cleverly epitomised. There is a classified list of breeding and regularly visiting birds; and a few, but too few, local names are given, and those without their corresponding localities. Altogether, the book excludes nothing that could well have come into a book of the size, and the arrangement is good. But Mr. Collett is something more than a compiler. He has obviously been a discerning reader and a lucky and persistent observer. Some of his best things are entirely his own. He has, too, an undeniable gift of vividness, as everyone will recognise when he says of the whitethroat, that "the colouring of the eggs is often remarkably close to that of the dry stems and black horsehair of the nest; and most of them have, when fresh, an oddly transparent and ghost-like sort of appearance, extremely like that of a live shrimp on the sandy floor of a pool." In fact, he is so good in using his own impressions that we wish he had given us more.

KAKEMONO: Japanese Sketches. By A. Herbage Edwards. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

The title of this book requires explanation, and the work gains in a double sense by its glossary, where "Kakemono" is defined as "the hanging-up thing": a picture painted on either silk or paper, in either monochrome or colour. Kakemono can be divided into two classes—those which seek to

give an impression and those which are a kind of miniature painting. Both kinds are to be found in the present volume, where the medium is, of course, words. It is doubtful how far serious and permanent literature is served by these interjectional sketches, where patches of description are flung at the reader, who is left to make what he can of them; but the inspiration of an artistic people informs, often to good purpose, a writer full of artistic feeling, and it is well, therefore, to judge leniently. The book is in six sections: The Faith of Japan, Lord Fuji, The Art of the Nation, Scenes in Rain and Sunshine, The Land of the Gods, and The Heart of the People. In the first division, sketches of gods and of beliefs, the style tends to overmuch preciosity, and the thought is seldom on the same high level as the emotion, so that it is with relief that we turn to the tingling realism of the account of an ascent of Fuji-yama. Here there is life and colour, and the toil of the road rightly seized and set down. Here the writer quits vague generalities for something very real and vital, and the dubious mysticism and mere fine writing that still remain are the more tolerable, after this bracing moment on great heights not of the scribe's own making. In "The Heart of the People" are many sketches of a palpitating humanity. Perhaps the most delightful in its contrast of tragedy and comedy is the miniature "Yoné's Baby," perfectly Japanese in its *motif*, perfectly universal in its *dénouement*. The tiny story, wrought out within the smallest compass, is a miracle of condensed expression, yet it seems to sacrifice no detail. Very powerful, too, in its Japanese ethics is the story of the *samurai* widow, who slew herself in order that her son might not be exempt from service in the field. There are many things in the book that will bear reading twice.

A BOOK OF VERSES. By Arthur L. Salmon. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

We have heard poetry compared not altogether inaptly with men's ties, and divided into plain and "figgèd." (Figgèd ties are those which have flowers, watermarks, and the like woven into them.) Keats, especially on the "Eve of St. Agnes," and most of the Elizabethans were cited as good examples of the figgèd poetry; Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold of the plain. Mr. Salmon also is a plain poet. Without colloquialism, he succeeds in producing his effects—remarkably good effects at times—by the use of words and phrases in common currency. Some expressions, we know, belong almost exclusively to the poet; but Mr. Salmon for the most part draws out the beautiful associations and suggestiveness of our ordinary language, and under his hands the King's English is once more seen to be poetic English. Considering the violent brand-new subject, his fine "Lyrics of Motion" (in a motor-car) trouble the poetic vocabulary but little and the scientific less. The central idea of these poems—which reminds us of "La Morale Mystique" in Maeterlinck's "Trésor des Humbles"—is found most clearly expressed perhaps in three verses of "The Eternal Now."

> "I wander in a dream,
> And deep within my soul
> I find mine inner self
> Untouched and true and whole.
>
> Changed the material form,
> The will, the thought, the aim;
> The dim, sub-conscious self
> Is single and the same.
>
> Without, the mental mood
> Of growth and fitful range;
> Within, the naked soul
> That knows no touch of change."

There are not, in this little "Book of Verses," any of the dialect poems which pleased the readers of Mr. Salmon's "Lyrics and Verses" and "West Country Ballads"; but one of the latter is here worked up into a dramatic sketch, "The Parson and the Clerk," which shows a pretty gift of succinct irony, used also to good purpose in "Christendom." "In the Dim City" (Bristol) he paints with sombre colours a port whose dark waters are so remote and so different from the clear open sea to which it sends its ships. We like the plain restrained music of Mr. Salmon's verse; the easy *prestissimo* of his quicker measures; the workmanship; the unobtrusive beauty. Though we do not find a great many thoughts which we had not met somewhere or other, some of those with which we were before merely acquainted will henceforth be more familiar. And is not the bringing about of that change one of the great functions of a true poet?

THE TRUE STORY OF GEORGE ELIOT. In relation to "Adam Bede," giving the real life history of the more prominent characters. By William Mottram. (Fisher Unwin.)

Through his mother, the author of this short study, a dissenting minister and temperance lecturer, is connected with Thias and Lisbeth Bede; and his hereditary associations have led him to expand, from popular lectures, some discoveries regarding Dinah Morris, his mother's aunt, and other figures in the novel. The writer makes no pretensions to literary style. His pages are naïve and popular, even hortatory at times. Their chief value lies in the materials adduced for the reconstruction of the biographies of the people whom George Eliot had more or less in mind when she wrote "Adam Bede." Of these figures, Dinah Morris is the most fascinating, and Mr. Mottram happily points out, at the close of his pages on her, that in real life she married Seth, not Adam, Bede. To some readers this news will be a comfort. It will serve partially to redress the injustice done, for artistic reasons, to Seth by the authoress. The book, as it appeared in the *Leisure Hour*, stopped with the account of Dinah Morris. But four chapters are now added to it, in explanation and defence of George Eliot's marriage and religious feeling. Mr. Mottram has really nothing new to say about the former episode, except to insist that Lewes' wife had left him finally and cruelly before George Eliot appeared upon the scene. He inclines to believe that a marriage ceremony was performed on the Continent. But no fresh item of interest is brought forward with regard to the ethics of the marriage, and the author is certainly generalising overmuch when he fearlessly asserts "that to all the parties concerned the issues were exceptionally happy." He contends chivalrously against the ordinary verdict upon George Eliot's conduct. He cannot endure Mr. T. P. O'Connor's opinion that "her works are her penance and atonement" for her irregular example, though this is only a sharpened form of Mr. R. H. Hutton's judgment, with which most readers will be inclined to agree. But, while Mr. Mottram's critical opinions are not convincing, it is impossible not to respect the enthusiasm and research displayed in his unpretentious essay, which forms a creditable contribution to the study of George Eliot's sources.

A PEOPLE AT SCHOOL. By H. Fielding Hall. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

The author of "A People at School" has an infinite sympathy with the Burmese, and he expresses it in a half-poetical way that is charming when it is not too ejaculatory. At first, in his desire to enforce certain main principles, he adopts the manner of a text-book; but later, fortunately for writer, subject, and reader, the style grows smoother. Mr. Hall, who has already tried to expound the religious life of the Burmese in his "Soul of a People," now reviews their social and economic conditions as he sees them under British rule. He opens with a sketch of the condition of Burma in 1886, when Thibaw was still on the throne; and the author would have all men know that it is Upper Burma that is the real Burma, the source of nationalism, and that the people of the Delta are but a group of more or less alien races. In a series of lively episodes he contrives to let his audience see and feel something of Burma before the British put it to school, and he passes on to examine the country as it is to-day. He finds many things to regret, but withal much encouragement. Burma has been quick to adopt, slow to adapt; and as a consequence her native arts are waning, and the unloveliness of the foreign mart is violating her charm. The nation is certainly prosperous, but her children do not understand the springs of her prosperity. They grieve over lands pledged as security for money that is legitimately increasing their wealth in commerce. The better classes are depressed and pessimistic. The vernacular papers print "nursery lamentations over nursery ills." The Burmese must, says Mr. Hall, "get back their 'Burmanity.'" But the people are not as the educated classes. They are still courageous and hopeful. "They are sure that the Burmese will some time prove that they too can grow into a manhood that the world can respect." The author, playing the candid friend, bids them put self-respect, courage, hope and cheerfulness above knowledge and money. Few people have so happy a present, so hopeful a future. There is much quiet humour in the book, clear insight, and often a subtle psychology. The passages that deny the existence of "the

Oriental mind" are particularly suggestive and just a little puzzling. One fancies, indeed, that but for the very real existence of the Oriental mind and its influence, these arguments never would have been written.

BY THE WATERS OF CARTHAGE. By Norma Lorimer. 12s. net. (Hutchinson.)

The sign manual of the globe trotter is written large over Miss Norma Lorimer's extraordinary passages of hasty impressions. "By the Waters of Carthage" is neither novel nor book of travel, but a strange hybrid, in which vulgarity contends with cheap sensationalism. The book, in the form of letters, is a sort of sequel to the author's "By the Waters of Sicily." The writer of the letters is the Doris who appeared in that book. She has married the man who wrote that collection of epistles, and he seems to be rather considerately modern. Doris evidently had a fit of independence, she was stirred by the precious modern longing to "be herself," "to live her own life," whatever that may mean, and the good, kind man let her fly to Tunis. She is no sooner there than she begins to write him unutterably gushing letters, with endings that are meant to be original, but which are only pale reflections (quite unconscious of course) of the inimitable conclusions to the epistles of Wilkins Micawber: "Yours till the Great Silence" is perhaps the best. The author's hasty impressions of Tunis are strung together upon a slender thread of romance. In the bazaar Doris discovered a beautiful sad Englishwoman, married to Ajeeb, a seller of perfume. It is almost superfluous to say that Madame Ajeeb is unhappy, and that her only salvation is the Algerian divorce court. In due time Doris leads us there, and we hear the Cadi pronounce the sentence of liberty, and then our good, kind letter-writer is to take the lady home to England. A certain "Jack," Doris's very old and dear friend, who appeared suddenly at Tunis, is likely to make Madame Ajeeb happy, which is all very beautiful and satisfying. "The Garden of Allah," says Doris judicially, "is accountable for a good deal of the hysterics about the East at the present time." Evidently she speaks with authority, and the signs of the disorder are not far to seek. The book gains nothing by its obvious references to living people and to works of travel, quasi-fiction and reference in which the author is presumably interested. "By the Waters of Carthage" puts us in a Catonian mood—*delenda est Carthago.*

ANTOINETTE STERLING, AND OTHER CELEBRITIES. By M. Sterling MacKinlay, M.A. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Though great singers, like great poets, are not made but born, they are not born great; the notion that they easily and almost unconsciously evolve into greatness without the necessity of any technical training is as fatuous as it would be to assume that once the seeds are in the soil you need not stoop to the drudgery of weeding and watering, but may wait idly and look to see your garden bring itself to natural perfection in due season. It has been frequently asserted that Mme. Antoinette Sterling's vocal magic was just a natural gift, and that "she never had a lesson in her life"; but this ridiculous popular delusion is wholesomely dissipated in Mr. Sterling MacKinlay's biography of his mother, and he makes it abundantly clear that she spent many years in very hard and conscientious study "before she arrived at that simplicity of singing which from its ease and naturalness" led the unthinking to imagine that an art so finished as to seem artless must have been wholly untaught. The motto she gave to all who went asking her how they might win greater success as vocalists was "More Heart and less Art," and this may have misled some into thinking that she placed no value on the study and training to which she owed so much, but her meaning is sufficiently explained by her own supplemental statement. "Many artists," she wrote, "are so occupied with their *manner* of singing that at last they have nothing left but manner, with neither mind nor soul behind. Singing is nothing but using the breath properly. Let them educate their minds and hearts, instead of incessantly tantalising their vocal chords. The singing will come easily enough then. I think there will be a reaction from the modern preoccupation and wild craving after technique, a return to simpler, more primitive conditions." The story of her life, told here with a terse narrative quality and an admirably sympathetic understanding, is of itself a full and most illuminating commentary on her art; there was no trace of pretence or artificiality in either; the one was an essential part of the other, and the same exquisite simplicity was the keynote of both. So wonderfully perfect is the harmony between them that you cannot but close this record of a tenderly feminine, finely courageous personality, and of a career that was as beautiful as it was triumphant, agreeing with the biographer that it is difficult to sum up such a life more concisely than in the terms of that intimate friend who, knowing Antoinette Sterling both in her private and in her public capacity, described her as "grandly simple, and simply grand." The book contains many interesting photographs and facsimiles, the latter half of it being devoted to Mr. MacKinlay's delightfully gossipy and anecdotal recollections of Manuel Garcia, of Sims Reeves, Madame Trebelli, Adelina Patti, Foli, Browning, Leighton, Watts, Irving, and many another, famous in the worlds of art, literature or music, whom he numbers or has numbered among his personal friends.

RUSSIA: TRAVELS AND STUDIES. By Annette M. B. Meakin. 16s. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The common weakness of the average book of travel is that it concerns itself so much more with a country than with its people, and keeps so scrupulously to the beaten tracks that, for the most part, it merely tells you over again what you have been told more than once already by others. Miss Meakin avoids both these errors. Without omitting anything of the past of Russia that is essential to her purpose, she is even more keenly interested in the multifarious living peoples who, in their different spheres, are consciously or unconsciously fashioning its future. Moreover, in commencing, she observes, "It has been my chief aim to leave out what has been said many times, and to say a few things that have not been said before;" and, adhering to this principle throughout, she has written a thoroughly live and entertaining volume in which there is a great deal that is fresh and informing about a vast and fascinating empire that still remained little known in spite of all that has been written about it. The villages, the magnificent cities, the manners and customs of the peasantry and the townsfolk, the ignorance and enlightenment that prevails amongst them, the trades and industries, the varied religions and curious superstitions, simple but illuminating details of business, pleasure, and daily habit that go to make up the inner and outward life of a nation—all these things are shrewdly observed and very graphically described. One is made intimate with the strange and varied races that constitute the Russian empire, and learns much of her leading men in politics and literature of to-day and yesterday; there is a finely characteristic anecdote of that priestly personality, Father Johann, and an extremely interesting interview with Tolstoi; everywhere the book cuts deeply into the real life and story of Russia, and forms, on the whole, a very valuable contribution to our knowledge of a grim and baffling region where the extremes of civilisation and barbarism meet. The volume contains some serviceable maps, and is copiously illustrated with photographs.

THE VITAL SPARK. By Hugh Foulis. 1s. (London: Blackwood.)

An engaging craft is the s.s. *Vital Spark*—"There never was the bate of her. . . If you never saw the *Fital Spark*, she iss aal hold, with the boiler behind, four men and a derrick, and a watter-butt, and a pan loaf in the foc'sle. Oh man! she wass the beauty! She was chust sublime!" That was the description of her by her proud commander, Captain Macfarlane, commonly called Para Handy, to an ignorant landsman who had described the boat as the most uncertain puffer that ever kept the Old New Year in Upper Lochfyne. With Para Handy on the *Vital Spark* were Dougie, the mate; the Tar; and Macphail, the "enchineer"; and great adventures they had, as is shown forth by Mr. "Hugh Foulis." The *Spark's* voyages are on the Clyde, but according to the skipper he "wass twice at Ullapool, and took the *Fital Spark* to Ireland wance, without a light on her." All the adventures are told with great verve, and the humour is something quite unlike any other kind of humour—unless, indeed, it be the humour of "Erchie," which book was also the work of Mr. "Foulis." To our thinking, the raciest, most amusing thing in a booklet that is highly charged with things that are admirable, is "Hurricane Jack," which tells of a gentle-

man who had sunk from the China clipper trade to be a hand on a gabbert The descent, Para Handy explains, was "Chust bad luck. The fellow never got fair-play. He would aye be somewhere takin' a gless o' something wi' somebody, for he's a fine big cheery chap. I mind splendid when he wass captain on the clupper, he had a fine hoose o' three rooms, and a big decanter, wi' hot and cold watter, oot at Pollokshaws. When he went oot to the hoose to see Hurricane Jeck in them days, time slupped by. But he wassna known as Hurricane Jeck then, for it wass before he stole the sheep." How he stole the sheep and came by his name is a great business, details of which must be got from the book, which is the merriest work that has come from the printing-presses for many a month. There is, by the way, good reason to believe that Hugh Foulis is not the name by which the author is best known as a writer of fiction.

LONDON FROM THE TOP OF A BUS. By A. St. John Adcock. 1s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

By this little book Mr. Adcock has earned the gratitude of every visitor to London, and of every Londoner who has the ambition and a few spare hours to know London. For speed one must take one's motor (if one has one); or, if the journey be from east to west, the "tube" will serve. For luxury we believe the condemned hansom has no equal. But really to see London there is no place equal to the top of a bus. Mr. Adcock has wisely adopted this form of locomotion in his *rôle* of guide, sheltering himself behind Mr. Gladstone's dictum, that "the best way to see London is from the top of a bus." With great ingenuity he has mapped out a route which one may traverse by bus for a shilling, and yet see most of the historic sights of London. The mere devising of the route betrays an intimate knowledge of "the town," and this is confirmed by Mr. Adcock's excellent letterpress. The book should have a great popularity, for it is certainly the cheapest and most readable and best informed guide to the literary shrines of London. There are forty-seven excellent full-page illustrations by Mr. H. Irving—all genuine photographs from "the top of a bus."

Novel Notes.

THE MAN OF PROPERTY. By John Galsworthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)

At a time when good writing and popular fiction are scarcely on nodding terms, it is an ungracious task for the reviewer to find any fault with a novel which is manifestly the product of a laudable ambition and a skilful and conscientious artistry. But, as Mr. Raleigh has observed, such is the perversity of the Muses that the divine fire which gave eternal warmth to the songs of Sedley and Rochester never descended on the lyric altar of Milton. Mr. Galsworthy's story reminds us that, while we want our novels to be literature, they must be something more than "literary." "The Man of Property" is unquestionably a brilliant book. It is full of the nicest characterisation. It has wit and subtlety and literary charm which you will not find excelled by any novel of the season. But with all these qualities it lacks vitality. In this matter Mr. Galsworthy has still to learn from the author of the crudest *feuilleton* on whose words enraptured thousands wait every morning. The story he tells is an old enough one—a marriage of convenience and the subsequent lover. Unfortunately, the people most necessary to the success of the plot do not interest. The erring wife and her lover are both insupportably tiresome. In real life they would be a bore; in fiction they are unpardonable. Mr. Galsworthy is happier in his cynical portraiture of the Forsyth family. But why call the father "Jolyon," and the son "Soames"? This is not a very happy attempt to avoid the commonplace. Mr. Galsworthy has given us a literary treat, but we should not like to be asked to deduce a moral from the book. The end of its hero, Bosinney, painfully reminds us of Thackeray's profane verses on Werther.

BLAZED TRAIL STORIES. By Stewart Edward White. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

In the old days of novel-reading people read stories to try to imagine how they felt themselves, or how they ought to feel in situations like those of the heroes and heroines. Latterly we have become less egoistic, and more interested to learn how other people feel in situations like our own, or even under other conditions of life. We have learnt to care for life for its own sake, as if we were something outside it, and it a precious stone of many colours. We are eager to examine all the facts that it shows. To meet this new eagerness a new class of writer has been born, who does not care much for writing, but a great deal for what he is writing about. He is a talker who can talk of something that other people cannot, and of which everybody wants to hear. He understands that when he writes he is expected to put on paper as well as he can, it does not matter how, the very essence of the kind of life he knows. So that we do not discuss the art of his stories, but their habitat; they are Slum Tales, Jamaican stories, Malay yarns, or tales of the Jungle. This is a book full of a kind of American life; not the life of towns, but that of the men who are at close grips with real things; the life of trappers, prospectors, woodsmen, and lumbermen; and it is excellently done. Sometimes we come across things in its pages that we seem to have read before, tales of Indian Bucks perhaps, or of Express Messengers; but when we come to read we find that the things are new, because they are real, and because a new man has looked at them straight, and written what he saw. The book is not a mere collection of short tales, for each one of them shows something; every tale contributes something to the complete picture given by the book; every tale but one, and that is a laughing commentary on the author's manner of work. The first four stories, of woodcutting in the forest and timber running down the river, are as fine as anything of the kind that we have read; but it would be hard to set them above the study of a girl in a saloon that brings the book to an end. They are written clearly, forcibly, with the manner of one who does not bother about art, because he knows what he is going to say, and can only say it one way. They grip the reader like the face-to-face talk of that kind of man. They are not literature, but they are intensely real, and probably Mr. White would prefer it so.

RING IN THE NEW. By Richard Whiteing. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Whiteing's new book is as good as his "No. 5, John Street," and that is as much as to say that it is very good indeed. He surveys the tangle of difficulties in our modern social problem, and, as the best illustration of what he sees, chooses the career of a girl cast suddenly on her own earning abilities. His book is a succession of views, a panorama with a story, not unlike Mr. Shaw's "Major Barbara." Prue, ready to go to Girton, finds herself with thirty pounds, and no more. After a moment's breathing space as companion to an aunt, she dives into London, is snubbed at an Employment Bureau, and proceeds to study shorthand. She works at this, and at twirling a patent machine in a window, is put to all the other shifts that are possible, is helped to other and less ordinary work by friends in one of the women's clubs, and finally marries a very nice reformer. The story is simple in its essence, because it is true, and complex in its detail for the same reason. It is a faithful study of a girl's life in London, and so a study of London itself, and not of London only, but of every large town in the country. But its details are cockney through and through, and rightly so. Every chapter throws a flash-light on a place or type that belongs to London and nowhere else, to the twentieth century and no other time. The little second-rate actress whose "pa was a gentleman," the businesslike, independent girl earning her four pounds a week, the char, rough-handed and soft-hearted and independent too, the simple-hearted girl who takes a good play through the country in a caravan, the socialists old and new—they are all here, done to the life. To read this book is to read London in the light of an idea. It is worth doing.

RED RECORDS. By Alice Perrin. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

"Red Records," like Mrs. Perrin's previous volume, "East of Suez," deals with India, of which country she has intimate knowledge. Comparisons with Mr. Kipling are inevitable, but scarcely necessary, because Mrs. Perrin, though dealing with the India that Kipling has immortalised, deals with it in a way that is peculiarly her own. "East of Suez" was a remarkable work, charged with much that was absolutely fresh to the Western reader—it

dealt with the life of "poor whites" in the lowest Eurasian quarters of Calcutta—and it may be said at once that "Red Records" does not reach such a high level of achievement. From the point of view of workmanship, the stories are sound: Mrs. Perrin has the touch of the experienced writer, and we do not have the superfluous word or the word that jars; but there is a lack of novelty of theme. The tales deal with the supernatural beliefs of the people of India—and these beliefs are the basis of hundreds and hundreds of tales of the East. The "weird" is the keynote, and while the author invariably means that a creepy feeling should be experienced by the reader, the feeling is frequently absent, and the reader reads the story for its "plot"—which is clearly not what Mrs. Perrin intended. She aimed at something higher, more subtle. In one or two of the stories she hits her target: notably in "Moore," the story of a chaplain who heard a name and address whispered in his bedroom in a remote hill station, found that a ne'er-do-well from Home had just committed suicide there, saw his grave, hunted up his people in England, discovered they were under the belief that the "waster" had died in the course of arduous religious work, and took back with him to India a cross for the suicide's grave. There is a touching story called "The Centipede." It is about a fond ayah, who killed an English child. The child was sick unto death, and the ayah conceived that the illness was due to a centipede having lodged itself in the child's head. So the ayah, in accordance with native practice, made a poultice of a centipede and applied the poultice to the child's head. With the poultice she had, all unknown to herself, brought a live centipede, and this centipede killed the child. The grief of the ayah when discharged for what she had done with only the very kindliest intentions, is well told, and the whole story is one of great pathos. Some of the tales might serve well enough in the lighter of the monthly magazines, but are not worthy of the Mrs. Perrin who wrote "East of Suez." Of these, "The Pupil" may be cited. It is a trifling thing. It tells of a widow from India who has hopes that a certain Colonel will marry her. There comes to this lady an attractive young woman, who wants advice as to deportment and "style." She gets it, and even the most inexperienced of story-readers will see from the beginning that the end of the story will be the netting of the Colonel by the pupil. But that is Mrs. Perrin at her feeblest. Nearly all the stories have in them something that differentiates them from the efforts of the rank-and-file of our women story-tellers.

PARSON BRAND. By L. Cope Cornford. 6s. (E. Grant Richards.)

Mr. Cope Cornford's style on this occasion is a mixture of that of Stevenson with the styles of Kipling and Henley—a difficult mixture to manage, admittedly; but Mr. Cornford has it under full control. To the three influences at work on him he brings his own strong personality, and the resultant is not an imitation of any of the authors named, but an individual thing that is fresh and worthy. The book is a collection of short stories, the ablest, most fascinating, and most original of these being that which gives its title to the book—"Parson Brand." It is a strong, grim piece of work; and Parson Brand is a worthy addition to fiction's gallery of religious maniacs. But it is not as a parson that we first meet Mr. Brand; when the tale opens he is a highly unscrupulous skipper engaged in the West Indian slave trade and making much money. A time comes when he fails to return, though his ship is due; and he comes back to Liverpool as a passenger in another vessel. What has happened? The owners will not say, Captain Brand will not say. Mystery is about! The captain renounces the sea, and becomes an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, a post for which he endeavours to qualify himself by strenuous study. His language as a minister is extraordinary as coming from the ex-captain of a slaving clipper. This, for example:—"But, though you buttress your argument with Horace, I cannot see your analogy—it seems to me even impious. The working out of salvation in the soul implies a change of man's whole nature: crucifixion, a new creation. How can a process so inexpressibly important, so awful, compare with the jingling of rhymes and numbers, however elegant?" It is the language, not of a rough skipper from the slave trade, but of the *litterateur*. The fanatical parson fails sadly with his charge—as was only to be expected—and the parishioners rise in wild mutiny against him. In the end he is shot dead—but not before he has told to his son the weird and gruesome story of his Last Voyage. This story explains how it came about that Captain Brand abandoned the sea, became religious, and went about in deadly terror of all coloured men. The son, like the father, is drawn with great power; and a love element is introduced through the affection of the son for the daughter of an aristocrat in his father's parish. The aristocrat is against his daughter marrying the young man, whom he endeavours to have kidnapped by the press gang and sent to sea. This enables Mr. Cornford to write a chapter or two of breezy adventures with the press gang, and gives him an opportunity for introducing an engaging and humorous person in the character of one Lieutenant Brooke, a fellow of infinite oaths as well as jest. All the other stories are good, and the best of them is "The Apostle of Port Royal," which tells how a thieving ex-monk came to Port Royal Convent to steal and remained to preach a grand sermon, from which sprang the lofty reputation for piety enjoyed ever afterwards by the sisters.

IN SUBJECTION. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

What saith Elia? "The display of superior knowledge or riches may be sufficiently mortifying, but the display of married happiness is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult." We know Elia, as a single man, spent a good deal of time noting down the infirmities of married people, and we may assume he would have condemned unhesitatingly the embarrassing display of married happiness we are called to witness in Mrs. Felkin's latest book. The reader, always an awkward third in conjugal affairs, is sometimes in quite a pitiable case; and one may imagine his forced and ghastly smile at the time-honoured joke, when Paul Seaton says to his wife, "I should consider it impolite to express my own opinion upon matrimony in present company." When we are told that upon this, "The lady tried not to laugh but failed," it seems impossible not to invoke the shade of Mr. Pickwick, who envied the facility with which Mr. Peter Magnus' friends were amused; but we learn, at page 337, that it is the duty of a good wife to applaud her husband's jokes. At the stage of the homily where this is expounded to us, we chance upon a redeeming passage, herewith joyfully transcribed: "It is always amusing, as well as profitable, to see a wifely wife listening to her husband's stock anecdotes: the recital becomes a sort of litany, wherein he takes the part of the parson, and she that of the parish clerk. He pauses for her responses, and she utters them almost before he has time to pause, and thus gives the lead to the rest of the congregation." Mrs. Felkin then proceeds to labour the point. But as there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, having quoted her gentle ridicule of the perfect wife, we should proceed to show Mrs. Felkin when she is sublime. A heroine of her book receives the testimony of "a painfully truthful person," that her husband, who has deserted her, has been seen in Paris (where all bad husbands go in novels) in very reprehensible female society. "Whatever he is," cries the heroine, "he is my lord and master. I belong to him, body and soul, to do with as he pleases." She adds, but we think a lawyer would say *without prejudice*, "Whenever he comes back he will find me waiting to welcome him home as if nothing had happened." This statement Mrs. Felkin confidently dedicates to "the Daughters of Sarah," but we doubt if her interpretation of the rubric is borne out by the actual characteristic of her exemplar. Sarah, we know, was depicted as having been a cause of "grievousness" to Abraham. And as regards the case of Mrs. Felkin's heroine, in considering the probabilities, one might ask if the lady did not protest too much?

HENRY NORTHCOTE. By J. C. Snaith. 6s. (Constable.)

Mr. Snaith has a pronounced leaning towards the grim and the bizarre; he is a man of ideas, and can tell a story so that it interests and holds you in spite of yourself; for, to say truth, in many of its details "Henry Northcote" is exasperatingly unconvincing. At the outset, you don't believe in the mysterious unknown who comes one night and finds Northcote, a briefless barrister, shivering in a ragged overcoat in his fireless chambers, and who, after delivering

himself of some oracular and encouraging philosophy, leaves the room "as suddenly and as noiselessly as he had entered it." You are willing to accept the solicitor who appears that same night to brief Northcote to defend a murderess whose guilt is so flagrant that there seems no possibility of saving her; the solicitor's coming to such an obscure man as Northcote is plausibly accounted for, but his subsequent behaviour, from the time when the suddenly self-opinionated advocate forces himself into his cab with him, has no ring of reality about it. As for Northcote's sensationally successful defence of the murderess, no barrister would have been allowed to so grotesquely misconduct his case, and that such long-winded vapourings could affect the judge, jury, and the other barristers in court as they are said to have done is simply incredible. All the same, the story has a curious fascination of its own; its realities and unrealities nullify each other's effectiveness; the whole story reflects life only as some wild dream might, and the conclusion is a fearsome nightmare. But Mr. Snaith's style and outlook are original; he is a writer of so much imagination and ability that he compels your interest when you feel that, on artistic grounds, he ought to compel but your censure.

WHAT BECAME OF PAM. By Baroness von Hutten. 6s. Heinemann.)

If you have read the clever and tantalisingly unfinished romance of "Pam" you will, of course, turn eagerly to this sequel to learn "What Became of Pam." Unless you have read the former it will be a little difficult, at first, to pick up the threads in the latter, but as you proceed you gather a sufficient knowledge of Pam's past to comprehend the situation in which you find her. On the whole, "What Became of Pam" belies the superstition against sequels and proves to the full as interesting and as brilliant a novel as its predecessor. The chief charm and strength of the book lies in its characterisation. Pam herself, humorous, self-reliant, high-minded as she is high-spirited, is a real personality; as too, in a lesser degree, is the faithful but depressing Pilgrim. The love idyll that develops between Pam and the engaging, unconventional Lensky is shaped to its happy ending subtly and with a good deal of originality; and if Pam's realisation and confession that it is Lensky she loves and not James Peel, whose idealised image has been so long shrined in her heart, comes rather suddenly at last, the change in her feelings is very naturally brought about, and not quite so abruptly as appears on the surface; and it was never Pam's way to hesitate when once she had made up her mind. It is an entirely interesting story, imagined and written with conspicuous ability.

LADY BALTIMORE. By Owen Wister. 6s. (Macmillan.)

This book by Mr. Owen Wister is in a different manner from his previous volume, "The Virginian," which made his name in this country. What story there is in "Lady Baltimore" is curiously slight: it is a book that does not rely on story. One Augustus, a young man, is represented as the raconteur, the scene is Port Royal, and many of the characters are of the disappearing upper-class families of the Southern States. Augustus is a visitor to Port Royal—and a most inquisitive one (his inquisitiveness about other people's business may indeed seem to British readers to go very near the borders of impertinence). Soon after his advent he happens to be in a restaurant kept by gentlewomen, whose staff includes a waitress of their own class. He overhears an order by a young man for a wedding-cake; and the subsequent portions of the book concern themselves chiefly with what Augustus learns as to the progress of the love affair that had led up to the order. In the end the young man who placed the order marries—not the lady for whom the cake was intended, but the gentle saleswoman who took the order. Not very thrilling! it may be remarked. No; it is not very thrilling. It is not Mr. Wister's intention either to thrill or be "comic." The narrative—with whole chapters of gossip of a kind that reminds one at times of some of the domestic writings of Mrs. Oliphant—moves smoothly along with the minimum degree of apparent effort, and charming character-sketches are given of the people of Port Royal, "the most appealing, the most lovely, the most wistful town in America." There is nothing of the whimsical humour and inventiveness of Mr. Wister's compatriot, the late Frank Stockton; but there is a good deal that might be due to the influence of Mr. W. D. Howells. The whole thing is admirably light in treatment, so it is only lightly that Mr. Wister touches on the pathos of the contrast between the disappearance of the old Southern families before the devastating "yellow rich"—as he calls the newer, less desirable, present-day rulers of American Society. It is a fresh, unconventional book that has many charms peculiar to itself; and it is a book that is particularly hard to deal with adequately in a brief review. The title, by the way, is of the "trick" order, Lady Baltimore being the name of a cake. The charm is added to by wash-drawings by Lester Ralph and line-drawings of scenery by Vernon Howe Bailey, an artist whose excellent work (suggestive, a little, of that of Mr. Muirhead Bone, of the Society of Twelve) is not yet well known in this country. He enables one to realise the quiet, old-world beauty of Port Royal.

THE ARENA. By Harold Spender. 6s. (Constable.)

Let the live lord love the Labour cause—and a lovely lady.
Let the lord, the lady—and the Labour party—set out to
"follow it,
Follow the gleam!"

Let the lord's duty to his cause conflict with his duty to his wife and class, and with the life itself of his old-fashioned marquis father. Dish up the whole with *parlement sauté*, frizzling on the plate; and after racking complications, let the lord and his lady come together, finally, to follow the gleam! It should perhaps be explained that Lord Alfred Markham's love began thus:

"Far up on the high mountain platform of the Engadine the fierce mid-day sun. . . .

"An ominous growl. . . . The rain had turned to snow and a great gust of wind. . . .

"There came a cry. 'Help! Help! Help!' It was a woman's voice. . . .

"Lucy felt his eyes like a fire. . . .

"There between the statues of Burke and Fox he kissed her. . . .

"'Oh, Alfred. If you only knew how much I have loved you!'"

This is indeed rather like Mr. Spender's own fashion of flinging his tale before the reader in hot, sharp episodes. His plot is good; worked out with energy. His many characters are separate and typical, but they lack those nicer shades which would make them live as well as move. Sometimes, like the Labour controversy itself, he approaches very near the primordial things of life, and sometimes he glazes life, and love in particular, with what we cannot but think ornamental twaddle. It is only fair to state that we have never yet met a novel of Parliamentary life which we were able to take quite seriously; and if Parliament is such a perfervid, deadly place as Mr. Spender paints it, why, then, we shall vote for *both* our local candidates at the next election!

THE FACE OF CLAY. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s. (Murray.)

An Interpretation, Mr. Vachell calls this book, but we do not see precisely of what. Is it of the maxim on the title page: "La vie est un instrument dont on commence toujours par jouer faux"? Is it of a certain artistic problem: of the harm which may be done by inveigling a beautiful, but rurally modest, girl to sit for the nude? Or, lastly, is it an interpretation of Brittany and the Breton fisher life? Perhaps all three; but the last is by far the most successful. Mr. Vachell has hardly treated himself fairly. The plot—certainly exciting and of the sort which entices one to read on—seems forced into the book, much as the artists force themselves into Brittany; and we should apply the same word, forced, to the character of Michael Ossory, the dark Cornishman who thinks he has ruined a girl by getting her to sit for the nude, and preserves her death-mask, which changes its expression according to the mood of the onlooker—who, when Tephany returns to Pont-Aven a great singer, is living like a hermit with remorse for companion, and is described by the Bretons as a "lost" artist. In making this criticism we do not mean that "The Face of Clay" is below the average novel in style, descriptive skill and characterisation. On the contrary, it is well above, like all this author's work. In "The Procession of Life" he interpreted sunny, hopeful California; here he reproduces the more sombre colours of Brittany with its moors, rocks, fisherfolk and savage sea—"la terre du passe . . . ou les ames sont graves et resignees, et comme sous l'oppression

du double infini de la mer et du ciel." This side of the book is admirable, and Tephany, the heroine, daughter of an English artist and a Bretonne, is charming. But why, oh why, was it necessary to write her down a figment by making her lose her voice? Great singers (in fiction) have such a wretched habit of doing that.

RICHARD BALDOCK. By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Mr. Marshall has a sense of character; his idealism does not plunge like a cow with gad-flies at it. If we have anything to complain of, it is an exaggeration, not in fact, but in effect; an exaggeration which arises not so much in what is said as in what is left unsaid. Mr. Marshall selects too exclusively the high lights of his characters for dramatic demonstration, and tells us merely about their shadows and greyer tones. We know as a fact—Mr. Marshall tells us—that Richard's wealthy aunt is not quite such a vulgar, wayward snob as she appears to be in effect; we know that Richard's father is not quite such a dour inflexible bigot as we feel him to be; we know that a wrong upbringing partially excuses that selfish, hypocritical young bounder (the only word), Laurence Syde. But what is the use of knowing these things if we are not also made to feel them? The emotional and the intellectual are imperfectly welded. As in ninety-nine novels out of a hundred, the minor characters—in this case a conjuring butler, a caustic gardener, and a terrible old servant with a tender spot—are the more convincing. Mr. Marshall's dialogue, however, is good, and he knows how to keep up the dramatic tension through a quiet and apparently commonplace conversation. "Richard Baldock" is one of those blessed books which the reader does *not* stay up half the night to finish, but which he does return to with pleasure the next day.

Notes on New Books.

THE CLARENDON PRESS.

Only a few days ago the American Ambasador found it necessary to implore us to protect the well of English speech from the defilements which constantly threaten it from his country's "blue and saffron press." The hint was timely and much needed, and we are glad that a native protest should have appeared at the same moment from the Oxford Press. The anonymous authors of **The King's English** (5s.) have done their part well. To safeguard the purity of a language and the correctness of its syntax is a heroic undertaking, almost on the level of that of Dame Partington's. The authors of "The King's English" have collected a wonderful assortment of inelegancies and errors, and we have nothing but respect for their logical acumen and the variety and width of their reading. They convict Mr. Morley and Miss Corelli again and again. To the university professor and examiner this book is a great boon. We commend it to the notice of every writer who would improve his style, and would avoid the innumerable lapses and solecisms into which we are all apt to be betrayed. The great value of the book is the number and variety of its examples. Its fault lies in its inadequate recognition of the fact that "usage" is the supreme arbiter. The "rules" are deduced from "usage," not the usage from rules. To ignore this fact may spell correctness, but it also spells pedantry.

MESSRS. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

It is now a good many years since we stumbled on a delightful volume of country idylls bearing the name of Christopher Hare. More recently we have observed the same name attached to more than one excellent volume of historical memoirs. **A Queen of Queens and the Making of Spain** (10s. 6d.) will enhance the reputation of "Christopher Hare" in her new province of literary work. The subject of her present memoir is Isabel of Castile, the greatest of the Queens of Spain, whose brilliant career she traces with scholarly care and with conspicuous understanding, sympathy, and literary grace. To English readers the story of Queen Isabella is full of interest. She was, metaphorically, the Spanish Elizabeth. But she was also the mother of Catherine of Aragon, and the grandmother of our unhappy Queen Mary. The appearance of this excellent memoir is opportune at a time when an English princess is about to ascend the throne of Spain. For it reminds us not only of old enmities but of old alliances, and it conjures up before us the greatness of Spain, which may yet again be revived.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

The author, as a great "Captain of Industry" is a new and inspiriting suggestion. This and many other novel propositions are argued with great wit and wisdom by Mr. Adam Lorimer in his delightful treatise, **The Author's Progress** (5s.). Of guides to authorship, we have no hesitation in saying that this is incomparably the best. Under its disguise of flippancy there is a great store of matter of first importance, and it is evident on every page that the *nom de guerre* conceals a writer of distinction, who has had a long and first-hand acquaintance with all the tricks of the trade. Only a publisher's reader could know so much. Authors of experience will derive as much instruction as pleasure from the book; to the young author Mr. Lorimer is an indispensable mentor. We heartily commend the volume to every bookman. It is the best of good reading from cover to cover, and its humour is equalled by the sweet reasonableness of its advice. About the making of books it is a most notable book.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO

There is never any doubt about the worth of the short stories of M. E. Francis. However much or little there is of story in them, there is always the worth. **Simple Annals** is so fitting a title for her chronicles of country-folk, that, seeing it on this volume, one is surprised that it was never chosen by her before. "Darset" is again, of course, and rightly, the county of which the simple annals are told. It is true that the first tale is about a dainty French woman, but even she had come to live in "Darsetshire" as the bride of the *chef* at the big house. It is true that almost the last story is of "Mademoiselle and Fraulein," but both these lonely aliens were in M. E. Francis's beloved county, learning to bridge over the difficulties between France and Germany, while they tried also to keep body and soul together. But Dorset, the native of Dorset, Dorset ways and shapes of thought—these are what we want from this author, and here we have them with their own unfailing variety, homeliness, truth, humour, and tenderness. It is customary to say "M. E. Francis is good," as her new book is opened when it comes from the publisher. There has not yet been reason to swerve from this verdict. This author is of that company which, if it ever does weak work, keeps it at home.

MESSRS. A. SIEGLE AND CO.

D. G. Rossetti, by H. W. Singer, and **Goya,** by Richard Muther (1s. 6d. net each), are two of the Langham Series of Art Monographs, one of the numerous collections of little biographies of artists that have been recently issued to feed the rapidly growing popular interest in pictures and their makers. Though the demand may not always be admirable, may be simply an unintelligent wish to be able to discuss what is too much trouble to comprehend, the supply is in many cases calculated to change it into something better. Beautifully illustrated books on artists cannot be without influence, even on those who are only compelled to buy them by the dictates of a popular fashion. And of such small and useful books these two are good examples. The one is a careful commentary on Rossetti's life and work, the other a vigorous exposition of Goya as a revolutionary with paint and pencil. Both are excellent. We would only suggest that in later editions the wholly unnecessary editorial notes should be removed.

MR. S. MAYLE.

In his volume on **The Manor and Parish Church of Hampstead** (4s. net), Mr. J. Kennedy, M.R.A.S., has done much more than give an accurate chronicle of ancient land tenure and a detailed bit of ecclesiastical history. He has woven his material—the harvest of genuine research—into a book of many attractions. Going back as far as the tenth century, he shows us Hampstead as the smallest of the ten manors possessed by the Monastery of Westminster, in Middlesex, and he traces the little hamlet on through its rural simplicity to its dangerous days of highwaymen, and again to its fame as a haunt of fashionable persons seeking health on its slopes, and on, touching on its varied charms, to the present day. Although the volume is sure to be, naturally, of more interest to Hampstead people than to the general public, the general public will not fail to value so attractive an account, which, while purporting to be but a history of land and church, incidentally gives quite charming pictures of the spot where Samuel Johnson wrote his "Vanity of Human Wishes," "in the small house just beyond the church," and Keats, in his quiet garden, wrote his lines to the nightingale. Writers of local history such as this are earning real gratitude from historians of the nation in the years to come.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND CO.

Some persons have criticised Mrs. Elinor Glyn somewhat hardly in the past, because her attractive heroines were not very good; but in future, we think, after reading her new story, **Beyond the Rocks** (6s.), they will be content to bear with the wickedness rather than have the heroine very good indeed. Theodora of this new story must have been very beautiful, for there is certainly no other thing about her to attract Hector, Lord Bracondale. She was dullness itself, and her innocence and ignorance, considering her upbringing and surroundings, were phenomenal. The plot of the story is a little less new than usual, perhaps. Theodora, in fact, marries a rich man of common extraction for the sake of "darling papa," and later on is loved by and loves in return the handsome Lord Bracondale. Lord Bracondale "belonged to the tribe whom Sarah [Theodora's step-sister] had told her could never be husbands." "He had lived among the world where the awaking of young wives, or old wives, or any woman who could please man, was the natural course of the day." "As for Theodora, she analysed nothing, she only felt that perhaps she ought not to speak about love to one of those people who could never be husbands." Innocent little Theodora! However, she got over that feeling, and in thirty-one chapters of writing, about which the late Mr. W. Stevens, of *Family Herald* fame, would probably have been critical, if they had been offered to him, we leave the suffering lovers happy at last. But, oh! the society is very good!

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

If we can set aside a general disapproval of biographies of young and comparatively young men and women who are still, happily, among us, we can give kindly words to the interesting volume which Mrs. Lionel Birch has written on **Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A., and Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes, A.R.W.S.,** (5s. net). It strikes us rather as being a "put together" book, but it has value as an account of the beginnings of a painter, and of a painter's colony in the West of England, and it possesses a strong attraction as a handy and most charming "picture gallery"; for here are eight reproductions in colour, and thirty-two black and white illustrations, very representative of the work of this sincere artist and his

talented wife. The artist-life in that small fishing village where these painters have elected to set up their home and their school is well worth reading about, and the principles always and continuously impressed upon his pupils by Mr. Forbes are such as make for truth, not only in pictures, but in life. "I can mind you pentin' down here-along twenty years ago, Mr. Forbes," said an old fisherman the other day. "B'aint 'ee tired of it yet?" But Mr. Forbes is not tired of it, and his latest pictures prove the fact most thoroughly.

MESSRS. T. C. AND E. C. JACK.

Who so well able as Mr. Andrew Lang to write **The Story of Joan of Arc**, for children. He knows the incidents of Joan's life almost as well as he knows those of his own, and he has catered for children, within various coloured covers, for many years past. In this pretty volume, which is the first in Messrs. Jack's new series of "Children's Heroes" (1s. 6d. net), Mr. Lang has told Joan's story of vision, and heroism, and endurance, in simple fashion, but with the "adventure" touch which was needed, and with a real literary grace. In this same series Mr. John Lang has retold **The Story of Captain Cook.** The "Life" of this great voyager, which has gladdened the hearts of countless boys, is well suited for the taste of a younger circle also, and Mr. John Lang has done his best to please them. Both volumes are well decorated with good coloured pictures by well-known artists, Mr. J. Jellicoe and Mr. W. B. Robinson, and, in addition, possess decorated covers and silken book-marks. Ideal gifts for the younger boys and girls.

New Books of the Month.

APRIL 10TH TO MAY 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ANWYL, EDWARD, M.A.—Celtic Religion in Pre-Christian Times. Religions Ancient and Modern Series. 1s. net (Constable)

BARNETT, DR. L. D.—Hinduism. Religions Ancient and Modern Series. 1s. net ..... (Constable)

BENN, ALFRED WILLIAM.—The History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century. 2 Vols. 21s. net (Longmans)

CURTIS, OLIN ALFRED.—The Christian Faith. Personally Given in a System of Doctrine. 10s. 6d. net (Hodder and Stoughton)

FOX, ARTHUR W., M.A.—Spiritual Religion. 1d. (British and Foreign Unitarian Association)

GARVIE, ALFRED E., M.A., D.D.—Religious Education. 1s. net ..... (Sunday School Union)

GLOVER, RICHARD, D.D.—The Comforts of God. 2s. 6d. net (James Clarke and Co.)

HALL, ALFRED, M.A.—Ability and Sympathy. 1d. (British and Foreign Unitarian Association)

HASTINGS, REV. H. F., M.A., and REV. T. HAWKES, M.A.—A Guide to the Gospels. 1d. ..... (Austen, Ludlow)
An excellent aid in the teaching of the Bible to children. It presents, by grouping and indication, a connected view of the life and teaching of Christ.

HENSON, H. HENSLEY, B.D.—Religion in the Schools. Addresses on Fundamental Christianity. 2s. 6d. net (Macmillan)

Jewish Encyclopædia, The. Vol. XII. ..... (Funk and Wagnalls)

JOHNSON, REV. FRANK. Faith and Vision. 2s. net. (Melrose)
Wholesome points of view. Twenty chapters inculcating faith, courage, hope, tenderness, and all that makes for a better life here and hereafter. Mr. Johnson writes of modern tendencies and individual traits, and brings his helping and enlightening words within the understanding of all.

Kalamos. Prophetical Suggestions ..... (Digby, Long)
A thoughtful and serious exposition of the Books of Daniel and Revelation. The author, finding that his subject was much vaster, more difficult and lengthy, than he at first calculated, has not been deterred, but rather encouraged, by the realisation of this. His volume is informing and suggestive, and incidentally teaches much that is of value and interest concerning every-day life and facts in the Holy Land of the past.

NICHOLSON, WILLIAM T., B.A.—Man, or Problems Ancient and Modern Relating to Man ..... (Sonnenschein)

PINCHES, THEOPHILUS G., LL.D.—The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. 1s. net ..... (Constable)

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WOODING, WILLIAM, B.A.—The Parable of the Talents. 1d. (British and Foreign Unitarian Association)

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And feel the golden sunlight kiss the ground,
And mark the play of dappled shadows pass,
Above, the young leaves flutter into sound."

—and so on, rather trite and "sweet," but there is more vigour in the sonnets, and a tender feeling of poetry over all.

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